The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* June *will be noticed in the* July *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th July *in the* August *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We have good authority for saying that there is no reason to expect that Mr. Morley will undertake the biography of Mr. Gladstone. Many obvious reasons forbid. But it was the strong desire of Mr. Gladstone that Mr. Morley should write a full account of the Home Rule Movement, and it is highly probable this will be done.

Mr. Gladstone's contributions were for many years greatly coveted by English and American editors. As a rule the American editors were not fortunate in their attempts to secure his co-operation. They did not take the right way. They offered him very large sums to write on any subject he pleased. Mr. Gladstone was not to be tempted by money. He would write on subjects which interested him, or he would not write at all. The way to gain his consent was to suggest to him a subject on which his mind was busy. He did not willingly condescend to bargaining, and was anything but covetous or unreasonable; but if the remuneration paid did not seem to him sufficient, he would quietly refuse to give further articles. For his papers on the "Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," which appeared in *Good Words* and the American *Sunday School Times*, he received £200 each. He has accepted as little for a signed article as £70, but perhaps the average price was £200, a price well within the value of the contribution, provided the subject was popular. From his books he could not have derived very much income, their circulation being in most cases comparatively limited. Of the "Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," however, more than 11,000 copies have been sold, and some of his pamphlets, though not the latest, have had very large circulations. Mr. Gladstone was much disappointed at the comparatively small sale of his great edition of Butler.

Towards the editors with whom he came in contact Mr. Gladstone was eminently considerate. He would discuss his papers with great zest, and readily consider suggestions offered in a good spirit. With the lamented Mr. John Nicol, the former manager of Messrs. Isbister, he was in close relation, and when Mr. Nicol died he wrote a letter about him which, as the editor of *Good Words* said, is remarkable, not merely because of the beauty of its expression, but as an illustration of his quick insight into character. This letter is in these terms:

"I have received with deep concern the news of the death of Mr. Nicol. My intercourse with him was comparatively recent, but during the last year and a half it had been sufficient to enable me to appreciate his qualities. He seemed to me an admirable man of business, exact, rapid, circumspect, obliging, liberal, and having his heart in his work. But not *so* having it as to prevent his placing it together with his treasure in a habitation more secure than that which he has thus early quitted."

It has been said that Mr. Gladstone willingly read unfavourable criticism of himself, but this statement must be received with great qualifications. He was for long a warm admirer of the *Spectator*, and on intimate terms with the editors, particularly with the late Mr. R. H. Hutton, who was more in sympathy with him than his surviving colleague, Mr. Meredith Townsend. Mr. Townsend and Mr. Hutton, however, were entirely at one in their opposition to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy. Mr. Gladstone then ceased to read the *Spectator* because, as he phrased it, "I have such a warm regard for Mr. Hutton."

Mr. Hutton's affectionate esteem for Mr. Gladstone continued to the last, and almost the only occasion, if not *the* only occasion, during the long term of his editorship on which Mr. Hutton's name was allowed to appear in the *Spectator* was in connection with a defence of Mr. Gladstone. The late Mr. Louis Jennings published in 1887 a book, "Mr. Gladstone: a Study," which was indignantly reviewed by Mr. Hutton. Mr. Hutton commenced his article: "Mr. Jennings might just as well call Mr. Foote's attack upon Christianity a study in that religion." He animadverted strongly on Mr. Jennings' quoting a number of anonymous articles in the *Quarterly Review* as Mr. Gladstone's without Mr. Gladstone's permission, and without giving any evidence as to the sources of his knowledge. Mr. Jennings replied very angrily that Greville and others attributed the articles to Mr. Gladstone, and that Mr. Gladstone had supplied the clue to the authorship by republishing one of the series in his "Gleanings of Past Years." He also scoffed at Mr. Hutton's suggestion that the editor of the *Quarterly* might have inserted interpolations in the articles. To this Mr. Hutton replied that he had addressed an enquiry to the publisher of the *Quarterly* as to the authorship and authenticity of the articles quoted, but received no information, only indeed a rebuff in answer. This called forth Mr. John Murray, who repudiated the charge of discourtesy conveyed by the word rebuff, and asked Mr. Hutton to publish the correspondence. This was done, and Mr. Murray's reply ran as follows: "Mr. Jennings has shown the utmost discretion with regard to the authorship of the articles referred to in his work on Mr. Gladstone. He has neither asked nor obtained any information on the subject from us, or from the present editor of the *Quarterly Review*. The authorship of the articles in back numbers of the *Quarterly Review* is recorded in documents which are under my care, and since the appearance of Mr. Jennings'

work we have purposely refrained from referring to those documents, so that we do not know by whom the articles in question were written. I much regret that we are quite unable to answer your question as to the editing of the contents of the *Quarterly* so many years ago." The last sentence was in reply to Mr. Hutton's question: "Was there any editing of Mr. Gladstone's contributions at the time, and is it really certain that even when he wrote the chief part of an article its language was all his own?" Mr. Gladstone, when appealed to, simply stated that he had not seen Mr. Jennings' book.

In the *Sunday Magazine* for June there is an interesting article by Mr. Joseph Shaylor on the Decline of Religious Books. Mr. Shaylor thinks that a great decline has taken place in the production of religious books. "This decline is observable, not only in the old-fashioned religious publications, which were looked upon as belonging to the classics, but also in the more modern productions of a like character. These latter a few years ago sold by their thousands, but the demand for both appears, at the present, to have nearly passed away, and their sale is now of the most limited description." Mr. Shaylor refers to the decline of the books of Oxenden, Bonar, Macduff, Goulburn, and others.

All this very much surprises us. We should have thought the sale of religious books larger by far than it has ever been. None of the writers that Mr. Shaylor mentions have attained to the popularity of Professor Henry Drummond. Even his posthumous book has sold, we believe, more largely than any new novel issued since January with possibly two exceptions, certainly not more than two. Has Mr. Shaylor ever heard of the Rev. Andrew Murray, and of the great and continuous demand for his books? Or of the Rev. F. B. Meyer, or of Dr. John Watson, or of Dr. J. R. Miller? We could give him a much longer list than that if he wishes it. Most of the authors he specifies had their popularity in very small books, but now there is a great demand for larger and more expensive books on the Bible. A commentary on the whole Bible completed lately has sold to the number of over a quarter of a million in this country alone, while the American sales have also been large. Of a new series of small religious books started a short time ago, something like a hundred thousand copies have already been disposed of. The first volume of a new and expensive Bible Dictionary has already gone off, we believe, to the number of something like 3,000. The religious press has a far larger circulation than it had ten years ago, and that circulation is steadily growing. Mr. Shaylor's error arises, no doubt, from the fact that many religious books do not pass through the ordinary channels of supply. But it is a serious error and ought to be corrected. There never was a greater demand than at the present time for anything fresh and vital in the way of religious literature. We need hardly refer to the unprecedented sales of fiction with a religious spirit and written with anything approaching to literary skill.

Mr. R. B. Adam of Buffalo, the eminent book collector, has made an interesting Burns discovery. Some years ago he bought from Mr. William Brown of Edinburgh an early edition of Gibbon's "Rome." It was the second edition in twelve octavo volumes, bearing date, London, 1788. On a fly-leaf in a neat, feminine hand is written:

"I well remember this edition of Gibbon's History in my Grand Mother's House in Burns Street, Dumfries, feel satisfied it was the edition belonging to the poet, Robert Burns."

(Signed.)
"SARAH (BURNS) HUTCHINSON.
"Whitehill, Oct. 1st, '75."

There are numerous marks of interest in the volume. The signatures "Robert burns," "Robert" and "Robert Burns," on a fly-leaf, are certified as having been written by the poet's eldest son; on one page is written "W. N. Burns, Calcutta, 1808." But most interesting of all is a note on page 47, Vol. 1. There is a reference in the text to Pope and his translation of the Iliad, upon which Gibbon makes comment in a footnote: "The rights, powers, and pretensions of the sovereign of Olympus are very clearly described in the fifteenth book of the Iliad; in the Greek original, I mean; for Mr. Pope, without perceiving it, has improved the theology of Homer."

On the margin under this, in faded ink is written:

"damned vagabond he often spoils the original I find."

The owner of the book had been assured that this and other marginal marks in the work were Robert Burns's own commentaries. The one quoted certainly sounds like the poet; but not until a few days ago, when the Burns-Dunlop book, with the facsimile reproductions of some of Burns's letters, came into his hands, has he had an opportuity to compare the "damned vagabond" with a Burns MS. The comparison proves the note to be a genuine Burns autograph. It is identical in its characteristics with the letters written in the poet's later years—and it must have been in 1788 or later when he owned the Gibbon. A more characteristic souvenir of Robert Burns would be hard to find.

We understand that Mr. C. Arthur Pearson has practically retired from the managing directorship of the enterprise which bears his name. For some considerable time past his eyesight has been a source of anxiety, and he has now been ordered to give up literary work entirely. Mr. Peter Keary, who has been Mr. Pearson's lieutenant from the foundation of the house, now takes control. Mr. Pearson himself still spends one day a week at the office, so that he may give it the benefit of his advice. It has always been part of his policy to train his staff so that the retirement of himself or any of his subordinates should not disorganise the work, and the withdrawal of Mr. Pearson's control will not be marked by any change in the policy of the periodicals he has conducted with such success.

Dr. Conan Doyle is engaged on a series of short stories for the *Strand Magazine*. The doctor has been taking a holiday in Italy in company with his sister, Mrs. Hornung, and her husband.

Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. A. E. W. Mason are collaborating in a romance of the last century which is to appear in *Longman's Magazine*.

"Quo Vadis," which has been so popular in America, has brought the translator, Mr. Curtin, £5,000. It may be doubted whether any previous translator of fiction has ever received so much.

Mr. Keighley Snowden, author of "The Web of an Old Weaver," has finished a new story called the "The Plunder Pit," which will be published by Messrs. Methuen and Co. The novel is one of romantic adventure, the scene being laid in Yorkshire during the Coronation year.

Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. have in preparation a volume of short stories by Mr. William Canton, which will probably be entitled "A Child's Book of Saints." Those who are acquainted with "W. V. Her Book" will have no difficulty in guessing who the child is. The scene is changed from that young lady's enchanted forest to the stone avenues of the Gothic Cathedral; and the book is an attempt to embody in legendary form the faith, idealism, and fancy of the Middle Ages. The volume will contain a series of charming illustrations by Mr. T. H. Robinson.

George Parsons Lathrop, the son-in-law of Nathaniel Hawthorne, was forty-eight years of age when he died suddenly at Roosevelt Hospital, New York. He was only twenty when he married Miss Rose Hawthorne. Their married life was not happy, and though they came together after various separations, they were finally parted at the end, Mrs. Lathrop devoting her life to the tending of cancer patients. If George Lathrop's history were fully written it would make curious reading. He was one of those men who are frequently on the brink of success, but whose career is a series of failures. He was specially anxious for distinction on the stage, and several of his plays and operas were produced under hopeful auspices, but somehow came to nothing. Perhaps he did his best work in a novel which may yet be brought into notice again for the originality of its conception. Mr. Lathrop bore his reverses well, and was cheerful and genial to the end.

Mr. Henry James hopes to move immediately into his house at Rye. He still means to retain his home in London.

The veteran journalist Mr. Beatty Kingston has been abroad in the interests of the *Daily Telegraph*. He has had interviews with Don Carlos and the King of Italy.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the well-known American writer, is engaged in preparing her autobiography. For more than fifty years her life has not only been identified with the development of American literature, but also with many important public movements.

Mrs. Atherton's excellent story, "American Wives and English Husbands," is having a rapid sale. Mrs. Atherton's new novel, "The Californians," will soon be published. In commenting on the attitude of the American press which has objected to her criticisms on things American, Mrs. Atherton said recently:

"The reason is a simple one—the Americans cannot stand criticism from any one. But criticism from an American-born who has taken up his residence in a foreign country, and thus gained two ears instead of one, irritates and worries them out of all self-control and perception of justice. If I romanced about them, they would, beyond doubt, ignore me; but as I have never in a single particular deviated from the truth, nor been guilty of an exaggeration, they have tried every possible method to frighten me into the peaceful realms of obscurity. Of course there are Americans and Americans. A large and enlightened class understand that the country needs an impartial critic more than any country on earth."

The New York *Critic* speaks generously of the English part of "American Wives and English Husbands," but thinks that Mrs. Atherton does much less justice to American women.

Mr. Marriott Watson's novel, "The Adventurers," which is now running serially in *Harper's Round Table*, will appear in book form during the autumn. Mr. Watson is at present engaged on a serial story for *Harper's Magazine*.

Mr. Arthur Morrison is making progress with his new novel, which is being looked forward to by all who read "A Child of the Jago." It will have for *locale* Epping Forest, and will deal with a type entirely different from that represented in his last book.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis has been at work for the last two years upon a volume on "Old Violins," for Mr. Redway's "Collector Series." There will be photographic reproductions of several of the more famous instruments. The book will be published in the autumn.

In the autumn Mr. Redway will publish the Memoirs of John A. Heraud, who was at one time dramatic critic to the *Athenæum*. He was largely instrumental in gaining a revision of the Patent Laws, which at that time restricted the performance of Shakesperian plays to the Theatres Royal. Heraud's chief poetical works were "The Judgment of the Flood" and "The Descent into Hell," and these brought him into close correspondence with Southey, whose letters form an important and very interesting feature of the work.

A successor to *The Butterfly*, which had an appropriately brief existence under the editorship of Mr. Raven Hill a while since, is being arranged. Art will have all the front seats in the new magazine, and Mr. S. H. Sime, Mr. J. T. Manuel, Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, and others will contribute to this department. It will probably be published at a shilling.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

APRIL 25TH TO MAY 20TH, 1898.

Owing probably in some measure to the unsettled condition of the elements, there has been a fair trade doing during the past month, bearing in mind that this statement is qualified by remembering that the comparison is always founded upon the amount of business usually transacted during the season under notice. But in any case those connected with the wholesale bookselling trade can always find plenty to do. Trade with the colonies and foreign countries continues steady, and there is always room for improvement.

The decease of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone has awakened a renewed interest in his writings and works dealing with the life of the great statesman. On the day of his death, a few hours only after the sad event, Messrs. Ward and Lock delivered an 8vo Life of Mr. Gladstone, containing an account of his last hours and passing away. Such speed in production is without parallel in the history of publishing.

Works upon Cuba and other countries connected with the war are in considerable demand, as also are maps of the scene of the fighting, or rather where it is expected to take place.

The 6s. novel still pursues its merry career, and the works of this class now being published have in some instances a longer existence than was the case a short time since. Several of those named in the list below have been before the public for a considerable time. There may after all be some "literature" among them. The leading novel at the time of writing is "The King with Two Faces," by M. E. Coleridge, followed by "Simon Dale," by Anthony Hope, and "American Wives," by G. Atherton. There has been a supplementary school season, marked by large sales of Meiklejohn's School Books, notably the History and Geography. These still hold a leading place. Very little attention continues to be paid to theological literature. The public takes its instruction in this department in another form. "John Halifax," of which several editions have lately appeared, is as great a favourite as ever.

The enormous output of illustrated 6d. magazine continues, each new comer endeavouring to surpass its rivals. What eventually becomes of the hundreds of tons of this class of literature is a wonder.

The naval and military spirit in the public is still very noticeable. Several publications on the navy have me with a good reception, and there is still considerable enquiry for works dealing with the Frontier War in India.

Appended is a list of the principal works in demand at the time of writing. Although this report is made up to the 20th May only, the day following Mr. Gladstone's death there is already what may be called a boom in Gladstone literature.

The King with Two Faces. By M. E. Coleridge. 6s. (Arnold)
Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)
American Wives, etc. By G. Atherton. 6s. (Service.)
The Londoners. By R. Hichens. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Dreamers of the Ghetto. By I. Zangwill. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Millionaires. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Kronstadt. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)
The Standard Bearer. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Methuen.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
Penelope's Experiences in Scotland. By K. D. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay.)
The Pride of Jennico. By A. and E. Castle. 6s. (Bentley.)
The Lake of Wine. By B. Capes. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Lust of Hate. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)
Convict 99. By M. and R. Leighton. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)
R. N. Carey's 3s. 6d. Novels. (Bentley.)
The Induna's Wife. By B. Mitford. 3s. 6d. (White.)
Quo Vadis? By H. Sienkiewicz. 2s. (Dent.)
Poems. By W. E. Henley. 6s. net. (Nutt.)
Paris. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
The Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
John Halifax. By Mrs. Craik. 2s. and 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Meiklejohn's School Series. (Holden.)
Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E., Lives and Works.
Christian Profiles. By J. Parker. 3s. 6d. (Hurst.)
Sermons on Texts. Vol. 1. By J. Parker. 3s. 6d. (Marshall and Son.)

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
April 30—Magazine week, always a busy time. Foreign and colonial trade continues steady.
May 7—Trade quieter throughout the week. Colonial and foreign departments a little busier.
" 14—A fair week for the season in all departments.
" 21—Trade a little better this week. Colonial and foreign departments improving.

(2) SCOTLAND.

APRIL 21ST TO MAY 21ST, 1898.

Business during the month cannot be said to have been brisk. Much was published in certain directions, but the demand did not keep anything like pace with the supply.

Perhaps the two most popular novels were "Kronstadt," by Max Pemberton, and "Lust of Hate," by Guy Boothby. Gunter's novels also met with some success, leading to a hope in the revival of the yellow back for railway sale.

Interest in the American-Spanish war created a demand for war maps, and the supply was good. In this connection may also be noted the exceptional success of the Citizen Atlas, now being issued in parts by Newnes.

Anticipating the tourist traffic throughout Scotland, much activity was shown by the publishers in producing their guide-books—notably the new edition of "Mountain, Moor, and Loch," the handsome souvenir of the West Highland Railway—and these have been readily stocked by the booksellers.

Attention was called to the cheap weekly issue of Shakespeare by Bliss, Sands and Co., and the biographical edition of Thackeray, published by Smith, Elder and Co., both of which received much encouragement.

Though it cannot be said that any religious work gained a good sale, the interest in Biblical study is evidenced by the continued demand for Dr. Hastings' "Dictionary of the Bible," and for such works as Dr. Whyte's second series of "Bible Characters."

With the annual meetings of the various church courts came the opportune publication of Dr. Blaikie's "Life of Principal Brown," of Aberdeen, and much interest has been evoked by the long desired issue of the combined Church Hymnal.

"A Lowden Sabbath Morn," by R. L. Stevenson, with its charming illustrations of Scotch religious life, noticed in our last report, has continued to meet with much favour.

Art was much in evidence throughout the month, mainly by the issue of the various handbooks to the Royal Academy pictures, of which the sale was very large. In the magazine trade the alteration in the publishing days of the leading magazines, bringing them much nearer one another, did not prove beneficial to the sales.

Just as the month closed came the news of Mr. Gladstone's death, and consequent upon it a great demand for literature on his character and career. The following two works met with special favour—Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Life of Mr. Gladstone," and "Mr. Gladstone—the Man," by David Williamson, the late editor of the *Windsor Magazine*.

Appended is a list of the books having the best sales during the time under review :—

Kronstadt. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassells.)
The Lust of Hate. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)
Word to Women. By Mrs. Humphry. 1s. (Bowden.)
Eothen. By A. W. Kinglake. 2s. 6d. (Newnes.)
Londoners. By Robt. Hichens. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Stickit Minister. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Unwin.)
Vicar. By Joseph Hatton. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Pall Mall Academy Pictures. (Virtue and Co.)
Scribes and Pharisees. By Le Queux. 6s. (White.)
American Wives and English Husbands. By Mrs. Atherton. 6s. (Service and Paton.)
Ribstone Pippins. By Maxwell Gray. 3s. 6d. (Harper.)
The Last Laird. By S. E. Muddock. 6s. (Digby.)
Mr. Gladstone's Life. By J. McCarthy. 7s. 6d. (Black.)
Mr. Gladstone—the Man. By D. Williamson. 1s. (Bowden.)
A Lowden Sabbath Morn. By R. L. Stevenson. 6s. (Chatto.)

NEW WRITERS.

MR. W. C. SCULLY.

MR. W. C. SCULLY is an Irishman by birth and by descent. His family comes from Tipperary. At the age of twelve he went to South Africa, and two years afterwards, in 1870, he made his way to the newly-discovered Diamond Fields. There he spent three years. In 1873 he went north to the scene of the first gold discoveries. For some time he led a wandering life, hunting and prospecting in the vicinity of Swaziland and north of Delagoa Bay. He was one of the party that cut the

From Photo by] MR. W. C. SCULLY. *[Bruton, Cape Town.*

first road through the Lebomba Mountains. In the latter part of the seventies, Mr. Scully came to Cape Colony and entered the Civil Service. During the Tembri and Basuto wars of 1880-81, he held a commission in the Irregular Horse. Afterwards, in 1891, he became special magistrate for the Northern Border, and Civil Commissioner of Namaqualand. Eventually, at the instance of Mr. Rhodes, then Premier, he entered the Native Department. Now he is magistrate in charge of the district of Nquamakwe, Transkei.

Mr. Scully has made good use of his ample opportunities of studying the flora and fauna of South Africa, and has done some valuable botanical work which has been recognised by various learned societies. The Linnæan Society has named several plants after him. Some time ago he was made an honorary fellow of Edinburgh University.

Mr. Scully is at present in England on sick leave, having suffered severely from insomnia for some years. This was increased by the strain incidental to the outbreak of rinderpest, which appeared first in the district of Nquamakwe in the Native Territories.

As a writer, Mr. Scully made his *debut* in poetry. One volume of poems was published in 1886, another in 1891. In 1896 "Kafir Stories" appeared in the "Autonym Library" series. "The White Hecatomb and Other Stories" followed in 1897, and "Between Sun and Sand" in 1898.

THE READER.

MR. SCULLY'S STORIES.

By BEATRICE HARRADEN.

"Between Sun and Sand."
"The White Hecatomb."

THERE are so many delightful qualities in Mr. W. Charles Scully's stories, that it becomes a pleasant task indeed to sit down and record the satisfaction experienced from reading, re-reading and studying his sketches and characterisations of a comparatively unknown region o Southern Africa. Mr. Scully has "trekked" for himself, and left the conventional paths of the ordinary stereotyped South African fiction. So his writings have, to begin with, the advantage of entire novelty. And added to the novelty of the surroundings and the unusualness of the types, we welcome a most engaging literary style, with quite a distinction of its own—terse, strong, restrained, and condensed. It is, therefore, most interesting to know that Mr. Scully did not turn even the most ordinary attention to such unadventurous pursuits as grammar and composition and letter-writing until the necessity for this knowledge was forced upon his reluctance. The results of this tardiness are so satisfactory that one wonders whether we should not all do better if we had never learnt to spell and write until we were past the age of twenty-one!

"Between Sun and Sand" opens with a description of the land of the Trek Boer—Bushmanland—"a region in which dwell people unlike any others in South Africa, or possibly in the world." We are at once introduced to the Patriarch, Old Schalk Hattingh, and the little Jew, Max Steinmetz, who had lost his heart to the old Boer's niece Susannah. The poor outcast Gert Gemsbok, the Koranna Hottentot, pursued always by the hatred of the Boers because he had given evidence against a member of the tribe, is the most pathetic figure in the story, and his love for music and his fine sense of truth and honour and faithfulness are beautifully touched in. The murder of this poor fellow by Koos Bester is one of the best incidents in the tale, and it is well followed up by the remorse and terror of the murderer and his fearful revenge on Nathan the Jew, who goaded him on to the act. The drive over the sand dunes, the heat, the thirst, and the final fate of Nathan are most powerfully told. Everything feels so true and possible.

"Koos seized him between his huge hands, lifted him high with a wrench, and flung him down the side of the dune. The reins he had gripped between his knees, the whip stood ready at his hand. In a moment, the team refreshed by the short pause, were dragging the cart down the side of the dune at a floundering gallop. After going for about 200 yards, Koos hauled the horses back almost upon their haunches, and the cart suddenly stopped. He looked round; Nathan was stumbling slowly down the sandy slope falling every few yards. Koos allowed him to come to within fifty yards of the cart, and then he urged the horses into a walk. . . . After a few minutes he again pulled the

team into a walk and looked back. A motionless figure lay huddled with its face on the sand."

There are some charming descriptions of nature in the chapter, Springs Idyll.

"Nature, in her spring guise, has to do her work in the desert, when she does it at all, in a hurry. . . . With a sudden dower of riches she tries to make amends for her forgetfulness; she tarries for a few sweet pregnant hours, and the ardours and bourgeonings of a season are consummated in one delicious day."

Again, Mr. Scully's powers of description are specially emphasised in the chapter The Trek-bokken, the great annual rush of the spring bucks across the desert. "There is something inexpressibly sad about the fate of these hapless creatures. Beautiful as anything that breathes, destructive as locusts, they are preyed upon by man and brute in the illimitable wilderness. The unbounded desert spaces, apparently meant for their inheritance, hold for them no sanctuary; the hyæna and jackal hang and batten on the skirts of their helpless host; the vultures wheel above its rear and tear the eye out of the less vigorous which lag behind. Sportsman and pot hunter, Boer, half-breed and Bushman, beast of the burrow and bird of the air, slaughter their myriads; but still the mighty mass assembles every year and surges across the desert like a tempest in its travail of torture." Altogether this is a most interesting story, and though the scene is laid amongst human beings with whom we would seem to have no affinity, yet so true and simple is Mr. Scully's method that the poor old Hottentot and the murderer Koos Bester, and the brothers Nathan and Max Steinmetz, and Old Schalk the Patriarch, and Oom Schalpad the fiddler, hold and convince us each in his own way.

Another story in the same volume, "Noquala's Cattle," a tragedy of the Rinderpest, tells of the destruction of whole herds of a rich Kafir's cattle by the fell disease, and of the artifices and practices of the native doctors. It is a curious tale, but should have been included rather in the same author's collection of short stories, "The White Hecatomb." The gem of this interesting collection is "Gquma, the White Waif"—a legend as charming and poetical in itself and as daintily told as any fairy story from folklore. "The Seed of the Church" describes the conversion of Matghalla, the Pondo, to the Christian faith; and several of the tales deal with the power and strange influence wielded by the witch doctors. The most characteristic of these is "The Tinishologu," which describes how a little child was left to die under a great rock whilst the witch doctors were performing their rites and incantations for her release, and no one dare succour her, though her voice of distress was clearly heard. And for those who like the gruesome, I would especially recommend the story called "The Quick and the Dead," being the record of the Kafir Nomfunda," who accidentally kills a man and hides the body and changes its hiding place nine separate times. The book is full of curious and unusual things, all brought to one's notice in a simple manner absolutely free from affectation and posing. The author must have had a most unordinary life even in those distant parts where he lays his schemes, and I for one hope that he will some day tell us more about it.

MR. G. W. CABLE AND HIS PASSON JONES.

A Sketch.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

A LONG library walled with books as crowded and varied as the occupants of a first-class compartment in the evening of a holiday, so that stout solemn works pretend not to recognise the chaff of modern novels that press them on either side, and solid season ticket-holders who have a right to be here complain of the presence of third-class excursionists. Every chair occupied on this Saturday afternoon in the long library, and away at the end on a raised platform a short, bright-eyed, dark-haired, white-moustached man finding words cautiously to minimise the genial and complimentary introduction by the Chair. He is selecting his words of gentle protest with such deliberation and with so much quiet shyness that the husband and wife in front of me frown at each other, and the wife whispers desolately behind her programme, "I told you what it would be," to which the husband replies, "Oh well, we must sit it out now"; and the wife shakes her be-feathered hat, and gives a hopeless and pessimistic sigh, as one who knows the average English reciter, and dreads the worst.

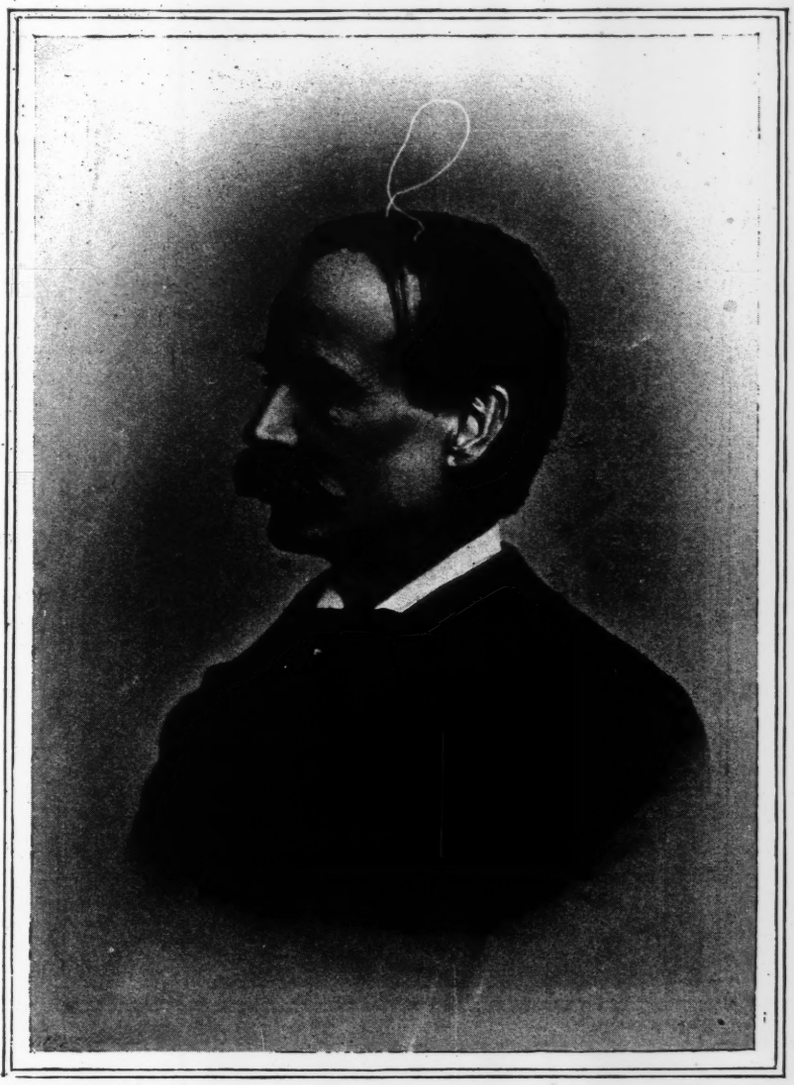
It has been stated, the white-moustached man with the agreeable suggestion of an American drawl is remarking at the end of the room, that he is able to sing the Creole songs with which he prefaces his readings. To prove that this is not the fact, he is compelled, he says modestly, to make the experiment and fail, in order that no doubt may remain. And thereupon gives charming little snatches of dainty, tripping French Creole airs, finishing with a song in the universal language of love, where the young Creole sings as other young lovers sing, that *she* is perfect in his sight, that others may see blemishes, but that *she* is the one girl for him. "*On dit qu'elle n'est pas jolie, on dit qu'elle n'est pas polie*," but all the same he loves her, and that suffices. A delicately twanged accompaniment on the guitar makes even the pessimistic lady in front of me cheer; the feathers in her hat dance to the rhythm.

"Great mistake is," she whispers to her husband severely, assuming for the sake of argument that her husband is in some way to blame, "great mistake is not to make it *all* singing and playing."

Then, the guitar put aside, Mr. Cable tells us a story which is, to our shame, new to most of us, introducing M'sieu Jules and his servant Baptiste. M'sieu Jules, a little Creole exquisite, is in debt; the time has come when the situation must be faced, and Baptiste agrees that on this Sunday morning something must be done. The thing desired is, that one should meet in this town of New Orleans a man with money who would be wishful to learn a game of cards, and that one should enable him to buy his experience. Wherefore little M'sieu Jules sets forth elegantly to the Rue Royal (here the white-moustached man up on the raised platform makes one listen with both ears as he describes the Sunday morning scene, with its shops and its shopmen, and its residents and its passers-by, for this is the art that eludes and gives itself up only to those who woo it with the aid of genius), and now the action begins; the pleasant conversational voice is raised; dramatic gestures are used. Sudden excitement in the Rue Royal, a rush of all the shopkeepers to see a long overgrown American in the

centre of the crowd distracted at the temporary loss of his hat. It is the polite little M'sieu Jules who comes to his assistance, his natural courtesy quickened by the sight of notes in the American's possession. My name, says the long American, is Parson Jones from away out yonder. I'm going back with this money for Smyrna Chapel. And your name, sir? Information given. Come right away, Jools, says Parson Jones, and have a square meal 'long o' me. My man, this big nigger, Co-lossus of Rhodes, can go somewhere with your servant. Upon Colossus, the big nigger, begging Parson Jones not to go drinking with so much money about him, the Parson is indignant. I do declare, Co-lossus, cries Parson Jones, you must be taking me fer a plum fool. In the restaurant a debate between Parson Jones and little M'sieu Jules raises the question of the things one may do on a Sunday, and the things one may not do. Long, simple Parson Jones has the strictest views; for me, says little M'sieu Jules, I am Cat'olic. It is all a mattair of coonscience, Passon Jones, declares M'sieu Jules, and an uncommonly easy-going, light-hearted conscience is the one which M'sieu Jules possesses. The engaging little man induces Parson Jones to rest his prejudices and to go with him to a neighbouring house for refreshment; there the Parson drinks lemonade of rare and curious srengtht; a furious row takes place between him and a customer of the place; he feels for his notes and finds them gone, and—*rideau*. The lady with the nodding feathers in front of me fans herself, declaring with much delight that she has been almost carried away, and her husband, who has become equally interested, seems but little distressed at the information.

A scene in the circus where a bull fight is due, and where the excited, half-demented Parson finds himself in the centre of a crowd; a crowd riotous and disappointed at the coyness of the bulls, who refuse to leave their temporary lodgings. Authorities in to quell the disturbance, and a fine spirited tumultuous scene—(Mr. Cable alone and unaided makes it all appear as complete and as convincing as a well-managed stage production)—and Parson Jones is locked up as a drunk and disorderly; his money gone and his brain whirling. Alas for Smyrna! In the Calaboose he is bewailing the state of his head and his depravity, when enters sprightly little M'sieu Jules furnished with the governor's order for release; furnished also with dollar notes gained at play to a sum exceeding the amount which the Parson has lost. The Parson, penitent but obdurate, definitely refuses to accept the money, and goes with M'sieu Jules; the comedy ends with the scene on the departing sailing vessel, and the excellent Colossus arranging a miraculous reply to the Parson's prayer on deck by dropping in front of his master the bundle of notes which he had, as a matter of precaution, extracted the previous day from Parson Jones's pocket. Happiness, tears, sunshine, and—Goo' bye, Jools, Go' bless you! Adieu, Passon Jones, adieu!—as the vessel goes.



From Photo by] MR. GEORGE W. CABLE. [*Elliot. & F*

"My dear," says the lady in front of me to her husband, patting her eyes with her handkerchief as Mr. Cable steps down. "My dear, listen to me." The husband comes back with the rest of us reluctantly from Louisiana, where we would have preferred to have stayed for another hour and a half, to the book-walled library. "Buy *all* of Mr. Cable's books the first thing on Monday morning."

MRS. EVERARD COTES
(SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN).

MRS. EVERARD COTES, whose new book, "A Voyage of Consolation," has just been published by Messrs. Methuen and Co., is a writer whose books are almost equally popular with English, American, and Anglo-Indian readers. In the few years that she has been before thepublic, the humorous vein and crisp tone of her varied literary work has won her a special niche among the women writers of the day.

Mrs. Cotes is a Canadian, having been born in Brantford, Ontario. Her father, Mr. Charles Duncan, a Scotchman from Fifeshire, went to Canada as a young man and became one of the business pioneers of what is now the flourishing manufacturing city of Brantford, which has been his permanent home, and where he has occupied various positions of responsibility among his fellow-citizens.

Mrs. Cotes was educated partly at Brantford and partly at Toronto, and passed through the usual curriculum. The pleasure she took in school-girl attempts at composition led to her writing verses and essays which, when sent to various publications, met the usual fate of literary ambition at that age. As, however, in course of time, these were occasionally accepted, the desire to write grew upon her. Being the eldest of a large family, her father wisely encouraged her wish to be independent, and to make herself a career in a line which proved more and more congenial.

From Photo, by] *[Johnston & Hoffmann, Calcutta.*

MRS. EVERARD COTES.

It was probably due to her surroundings in an energetic go-ahead colony that something of adventurous enterprise should have mingled with her entrance upon the path of journalism, and to the recognised freedom of American girlhood that her friends should have made no serious objection when she arranged to go to the New Orleans Centennial Exhibition as correspondent for some daily papers. Above the natural pleasure of enthusiastic youth was the ambition to succeed. The ardent desire to gain knowledge of the world, and literary experience generally, led her to profit by every incident of travel, and to cultivate the faculty of keen observation of her surroundings which is so strongly in evidence in all her writings.

The New Orleans letters having been approved, she was encouraged to continue journalistic work. Before long the contribution of a few casual articles to the *Washington Post* led to an offer of a position on the staff of this leading democratic paper of the south. The offer was accepted. At the age of twenty Miss Duncan went to Washington and occupied the unusual position, for one so young, of being on an editorial footing on the staff of a daily paper. Her work consisted of book reviews, papers on special subjects, and occasional leading articles. From Washington Miss Duncan went to Toronto to join the staff of the *Toronto Globe*, contributing at the same time to the *Toronto Week*, the organ of Professor Goldwin Smith, to whose kindly encouragement she was much indebted.

The love of travel, and the desire to go further afield, so early developed in the young writer, inspired her with a wish to see something of French-Canadian life. This led to an appointment on the staff of the *Montreal Star*, and an interesting season in the city of winter carnival. The Canadian Pacific Line having just been opened, made it for the first time possible to go round the world under the British flag, which was probably the picturesque fact which led Miss Duncan to undertake the journey embodied later in the amusing pages of "A Social Departure." A young lady of similar tastes and pursuits was asked to go with her. Both arranged to send home articles retailing their experiences, and, armed with letters of introduction, to be presented at various centres on their way, the two girls set out alone on their adventurous journey.

It was when in Calcutta, during this tour in the middle of the cold weather season, that Miss Duncan met, and shortly afterwards became engaged to, Mr. Everard Cotes, M.A., of Oxford, who then occupied a post in the scientific service of the Government of India.

The series of letters arranged for in America having been completed, Miss Duncan, while in London, went to the editor of the *Ladies' Pictorial* and offered to convert her round-the-world experiences into a serial story to be entitled "A Social Departure." To this gentleman's prescient understanding of the certain success of such a book of travels, as well as to his suggestion that the companion should be transformed into an English girl—which resulted in the introduction of the engaging Orthodocia—was due the compiling of a book from letters written for publication on the spot they described, which is so brimming over with a fresh enthusiasm and youthful vivacity that it took the English public at once, and remains one of the most popular of Mrs. Everard Cotes' varied writings.

"A Social Departure" was followed by "An American Girl in London." This book reflected the gay impressions of the time she had just spent in London, made more piquant by the American turn which she imparted to her

description of her presentation at St. James's and the other usual incidents of a London season. The fact that Miss Duncan assumed the character of an American in this book has often led people to infer that she was born under the Stars and Stripes, but as a matter of fact her knowledge of American life is entirely derived from observation. The book was generally acknowledged as even cleverer than the foregoing work, and some chapters, notably those descriptive of country life, are written with an artistic finish that is wanting in the more journalistic style of the earlier book.

In less than two years after her brief visit to Calcutta, Miss Duncan returned to be married. The early experiences of life in Bengal have found permanent form in "The Simple Adventures of a Memsahib." "Vernon's Aunt," written for the *Idler*, followed next. It is a series of sketches of camp life in India, as retailed in the experiences of a provincial maiden lady. From a literary point of view, it ranks lowest among Mrs. Cotes' books. "The Story of Sonny Sahib," contributed to *The Youth's Companion*, was sent in competition for a prize offered by this paper. It failed to win the prize, but was accepted and published. It was written in its original form in three weeks, and is considered by many to be one of the most charming stories from this writer's pen. It was suggested to her by an old ayah, who had been through the Mutiny, and used to weep as she described how children had been killed before her eyes in that terrible time.

"A Daughter of To-day" was Mrs. Cotes' first attempt at serious fiction. It is a study of a temperament warped by the intensity of modern feminine egotism, and placed among what must be considered mainly as the unattractive Bohemian surroundings of struggling artistic and journalistic aspirants to fame.

After a short visit to Europe, Mrs. Cotes returned to India and wrote that further proof of her versatility "His Honour and a Lady;" a novel based on the official life of Calcutta. This appeared serially in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. In "A Voyage of Consolation," just published, the author has been induced to return to the lightly humorous style which made the success of "An American Girl in London," of which it is a sequel. A second visit to Europe, made in precisely the flying American style, was utilised to collect the material.

Early in 1894, Mr. and Mrs. Everard Cotes left India with the intention of not returning, as the former had decided to sever his connection with Government service, for the more congenial pursuit of journalism. Later in the same year, however, when in London, the offer of the editorship of a leading Calcutta newspaper was made him. He accepted it, and with his wife returned to take up a position which he held for over two years. The trying climate and arduous work finally led him to resign it in favour of journalistic correspondence, which admitted of prolonged residence in Simla. During this first year in the hills, Mrs. Cotes wrote the greater part of a second novel of Calcutta life which is now just completed. The scene is laid in the less conventional grades of Anglo-Indian life, and gives entirely different aspects of it from those described in "His Honour and a Lady."

In person Mrs. Cotes is tall and slight, with dark hair and grey eyes. The prevailing expression of her mobile face betrays the dominant sense of humour which is the key to her literary success. The observant eye, quick repartee, and often racy speech are equally characteristic. The frequent amused smile seems to show a kindly indulgence for, and pleasure in, the trivialities of life, while a general carelessness in dress betrays the Bohemian temperament. Her work is her greatest pleasure, and she makes everything subordinate to the fulfilment of the task she has undertaken. Most of her writing is the result of a steady, daily application. She is satisfied with an average of three or four hundred words a day, but they are carefully thought out

From Photo by] [*Johnston & Hoffmann, Calcutta.*

MRS. EVERARD COTES.

and she seldom makes any further correction when the day's work is done.

Both Mrs. Cotes and her husband are familiar figures in Calcutta and Simla society. Mrs. Cotes enters keenly into various forms of outdoor exercise, rides, cycles, and thoroughly enjoys life for its own sake wherever it leads her.

FLORENCE DONALDSON.

SYMPOSIUM.

POPULAR MAGAZINES, CIRCULATING LIBRARIES, AND THE SALE OF BOOKS.

Mr. Bryce's recent utterances at the Booksellers' Dinner have once more raised the discussion as to the effect of the increase in the number of popular periodicals and circulating libraries on the sale of books.

We have asked a number of publishers to give us their opinions on the following questions:—1. What effect has the enormous increase in popular periodical literature had upon the sale of books? 2. Has the increase in the number of circulating libraries tended to hinder or help the sale of books? We append the replies received.

Mr. George Allen writes:—

1. As the books which I publish are not of such a nature as

to bring them into competition with popular periodical literature, I am scarcely in a position to offer an opinion on this head.

2. On the whole I am inclined to think that the increase in the number of circulating libraries tends to help the sale of books.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith writes:—

I do not hesitate to say that the enormous sale of popular literature has such an effect upon the sale of novels—up to the 6s. price—that not two in ten pay for production.

Messrs. George Bell and Sons write:—

1. So far as we are in a position to judge, we should say that we do not think the enormous increase in popular periodical literature has affected the sale of books.

2. With regard to the circulating libraries, we are of opinion that their influence is in the direction of increasing the sale of higher priced books, and does not hinder the sale of the lower priced works.

Mr. Spencer C. Blackett, of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Limited, writes:—

1. I am certainly of opinion that the enormous increase in sixpenny magazines has had a bad effect upon the sale of books. The bookstall people will tell you that they can always find a sale for a new illustrated sixpenny magazine. But with books it is quite a different matter. I am of opinion that people are showing more and more inclination for piecemeal literature, which is precisely served by the sixpenny magazines.

2. I quite think that the circulating libraries act disadvantageously upon the sale of books. When a person can read a new novel by paying twopence to a local library, he is not likely to spend four shillings and sixpence to acquire the book. Moreover, the library system makes it very difficult to push the work of a promising young writer. For the most part the libraries are presided over by officials who know nothing about literature, and merely purchase and stock books upon the reputation of a writer. Such judges naturally discourage the circulation of the work of a new writer, since they have failed to obtain the book upon the initial subscription, and are unwilling to take it up at a higher price when the demand arises. The chief advantage of the libraries to the trade lies in their solvency and in the regularity of their payments. They do well by a work on which there is certain to be a run, but they are not assistants to the publisher.

Messrs. Bliss, Sands and Co. write:—

1. It seems a necessary consequence of the increase in periodical literature that cheap books, especially those sold at one shilling, should suffer. I do not refer to standard reprints.

2. As to the increase in the number of circulating libraries, the fact that a larger number of people are thereby enabled to read books without being obliged to buy them, must apparently hinder, to a greater or less extent, the sale in booksellers' shops of new novels, except those by very well known authors—more especially as one can generally buy novels which have been out only a short time, and are still in good condition, at a very low price.

Messrs. W. and R. Chambers write:—

1. The great increase in periodical literature may tell adversely upon the sale of books in some instances, as the very brief leisure of many people is entirely monopolised by the magazine, weekly periodical, or newspaper. On the other hand, it is questionable if this class of reader would be a greater book buyer if he had more leisure and if there were no periodicals to tempt him. It is possible that the increase of popular periodical literature stands less in the way of the sale of books than the widespread discount system, which has made it almost impossible for the small tradesman to stock standard books. The passion for cycling and out-door sports must have had a considerable effect on the quantity of light literature consumed at the circulating libraries.

The reader who buys and reads for the increase of knowledge and moral and intellectual stimulus still exists, and the ready sale of works of reference and good editions of the classics in literature proves that the public will purchase a really good thing.

2. The circulating library encourages a taste for reading, and in many cases it proves a friend and handmaid to both publisher and bookseller.

Messrs. Gardner, Darton and Co., write:

1. The enormous sale of periodical literature does tend to a large extent to diminish the sale of ordinary books.

2. We do not think the increase in the number of circulating libraries has tended to hinder the sale of ordinary *fiction*, and we hope the readers at the libraries may gain a greater appreciation for standard works generally, though the demand at the libraries for the latter class of work is appallingly small compared with that of fiction.

Mr. William Heinemann writes:—

I can answer your two questions with some confidence, because I have given the matter constant attention for some time.

1. My opinion is that the increase in popular periodical literature has affected very considerably the sale of cheap paper and picture-board novels. You see very few of these nowadays when travelling, and even at the seaside and other holiday resorts, I am told that the sixpenny magazine is driving out very largely the former shilling and florin "shockers." I do not believe that they have affected, or do affect in the least, any other class of books; on the contrary, I should imagine that they must stimulate to further reading many of those originally only attracted by the pictures to the illustrated magazines.

2. "The increase in the number of circulating libraries" is news to me, and I believe must be erroneous. As far as I am able to judge, I see a steady decrease in the number of local circulating libraries, and an enormous extension of the two big metropolitan circulating libraries, which seem to me to be absorbing more or less the old-fashioned local circulating library.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton write:—

1. We think popular periodical literature has increased the sale of books by well-known authors, but lessened the demand for those by other writers.

2. The increase in the number of circulating libraries has, we believe, hindered the sale of the more expensive books, but has produced little or no effect upon the demand for books published at 5s. or less.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, Limited, write:—

1. We should reply that in our opinion the said increase has very largely and seriously diminished the demand for books.

2. We should answer, that if by "circulating libraries" you mean free libraries, there can be no question that by the growth of such institutions the sale of books has been reduced. This applies especially to books of a middling, moderate price. There is still, we think, and always will be, a demand for the heavily priced books, and for the cheaper sorts.

Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co., Limited, write:—

1. The sale of books on railway bookstalls appears to have been very greatly diminished; so that the so called "yellow-back" and "shilling shocker" have a much smaller field.

We suspect a constantly increasing tendency on the part of the public, with respect to serious literature, to be satisfied with the information supplied in an up-to-date magazine article in preference to studying solid volumes, unless the latter happen to be of immediately pressing interest.

2. The effect of the circulating libraries is not calculable. Books are read which would never find a purchaser; books are, occasionally, purchased as a result of having been read; other books are only read which but for the libraries would have found purchasers. There is no means of testing the relative importance of these three factors in the final result.

There is, however, another factor which may count for something. The libraries increase the number of publications by somewhat reducing the risk attaching to the publication of new work.

Messrs. Isbister and Co., Limited, write:—

In the absence of statistics, we can only say that, so far as we can judge from general considerations, the probabilities appear to be (1) that the increase in the number of periodicals has had a most injurious effect on the sale of books among the middle classes; (2) that, on the whole, the circulating libraries purchase more books than in their absence would be purchased by the public whom they supply. Further, that the increase in the number of libraries does not affect the desire of book-lovers to possess libraries of their own.

Mr. John Lane writes :—

I am inclined to think that the increase in popular periodical literature, and the circulating libraries, both tend to widen the circle of regular book buyers.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., write :—

1. We do not think that our experience as publishers enables us to express any authoritative opinion as to the effect of the increase of popular magazines on the sale of books. It is difficult to compare one book with another, or to say whether a book published to-day would have been likely to have a better or a worse sale if it had appeared a quarter of a century ago. An unlimited indulgence in the reading of miscellaneous newspapers and periodicals of the *Tit-Bits* order does not seem calculated to foster the habit of mental concentration that is necessary for serious reading. This, however, is a reflection that would occur to anybody, and it seems to us that the real persons to answer your question as to the influence of newspapers are the readers themselves. If you can get your subscribers to tell you how many hours per day or per week they devote to the newspapers and how many to serious reading, the results may be interesting.

2. As to your second question, whether the existence of lending libraries hinders or helps the sale of books, our reply is that in our opinion it undoubtedly helps it. It may be that some books get themselves printed which would never find publishers were it not for the market created by the lending library, and this may not be an unmixed blessing, but we have no hesitation in saying that many people read books from circulating libraries which they have no desire to own and which they would not care to buy, quite irrespective of the question of cost. New books may be comparatively expensive and many of them never become cheap. That is, however, because the demand for them never exists at all or ceases to exist soon after their appearance. When a book has shown the slightest sign of having a permanent interest, it is sure to be brought out in a cheap edition within a very short time of its first publication. There is no country in the world in which "standard literature," giving the term its most comprehensive meaning, is obtainable in so cheap and excellent a form as in Great Britain. To publish a cheap edition of a book which only a few people want to read is merely to court failure, but if a book has once become popular, it can be profitably issued at a price suited to the owners of very slender purses, and a glance at the lists of the principal publishers will show that they are not slow to take advantage of this fact.

Mr. Elkin Mathews writes :—

1. I for one consider the overwhelming and never ending deluge of popular periodical literature distinctly harmful to bookselling. The public, I am afraid, yield too much to this kind of reading, and their scant leisure being thus absorbed, the inclination to buy books is weakened.

2. I do not think the circulating libraries hinder the sale of books much.

Mr. John Murray writes :—

It is very difficult, if not impossible, to give a categorical answer to your questions. There are several influences at work which injure the sale of individual books, and chief among these is, in my opinion, the enormous number of books, periodicals, etc., now appearing. This fierce competition renders it more difficult than it used to be for any work to reach even the second or third rank of popularity, and to retain that position when reached.

I consider that the increase of periodical literature has a distinctly detrimental effect on the sale of the better classes of books, for the following reasons amongst others :—

1. There is a widespread tendency nowadays towards very desultory reading. Want of leisure, indolence of mind, the distractions of modern life, and other causes which I need not enumerate, have led to a disinclination on the part both of readers and writers to concentrated study for its own sake, and have produced a kind of mental dyspepsia. Periodical literature is both an effect and a cause of this malady.

2. If any burning question comes before the public, and there is a desire to know something about it, peptonized food, in the shape of magazine articles, is at once forthcoming in large quantities. A sufficient stock of information and opinions is provided at second hand for conversational and social purposes, and readers consume these dished up dainties instead of going to the more abundant supplies of solid food contained in books which require time and some mental effort for assimilation.

3. The habit of reading periodicals produces a tendency to regard all books as periodicals—to be skimmed or browsed upon, and thrown aside. It thus leads to the destruction of the desire to possess books, and to turn back constantly to old and tried friends.

This last reason also applies to circulating libraries. I do not think it is possible to generalise as to the total effect of circulating libraries, as their influence on different books is very different. They undoubtedly foster, if they do not actually keep alive a considerable class of padded-out and expensive books, which would not survive if their contents had to be offered for sale and not for hire. Every year affords notable examples of this. Last year there was one specially notable example of a book so unattractive in form, so unwieldy, and so expensive, that it is inconceivable that it could ever have been produced in that form save for an assured and large library demand.

To many voracious readers of limited means the circulating library is an invaluable boon. There are many such readers with real knowledge and discrimination who do more to make a good book known than any number of reviews and advertisements.

The second-hand copies sold off by the libraries often hinder the continued sale of a book, but on the whole I am inclined to believe that good literature (except, perhaps, some histories, works of reference, and such like) gains as much as it loses from the circulating libraries.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier write :—

1. In our opinion, the increase in the number of periodicals has very seriously injured the sale of books, especially of railway editions ; and

2. The increase in the number of circulating libraries has not helped the sale of books anywhere, while in small towns it has greatly lessened it.

Mr. George Redway writes :—

1. The effect is bad, as tending to vulgarise literature and degrade the printed volume. The possession of books in former times implied education and culture, and marked "a scholar and a gentleman." Hence the library. Probably few people nowadays read, except (1) for the purpose of passing examinations, etc., and (2) for sheer amusement while deprived of human companionship, and only the former class can now be depended on to buy books, and, needless to say, it buys books only because the reading matter they require is not contained in a sixpenny magazine.

2. Unquestionably to hinder the sale of books, for who cares to buy without feeling the pride of possession, and how can that exist when "the man in the street" can borrow the latest books at the rate of a few pence per volume ? It would often benefit the author and publisher of a work if means could be taken to prevent the purchase of copies by the circulating libraries. At present the only chance for a book is to organise a run on the libraries, and such a run can only be maintained by advertising at the rate of five and twenty pounds a week !

Mr. Grant Richards writes :—

I am inclined to think that the influence both of popular periodical literature and of the circulating libraries has by no means made for a larger sale of books.

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall and Co. write :—

1. We do not think that book buyers are really affected to any great extent by the cheap periodicals which appeal to a class not in the habit of purchasing books.

2. We do not think that the sale of books is affected by the libraries.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., Limited, write :—

1. There can be no doubt that the great increase in the production of popular periodicals has adversely affected the natural growth in the demand for books which the most widely extended education of the people had led authors and publishers to expect, and even to rely on ; and I think this fact will become still further emphasised as time goes on. But I do very much doubt that the average sale of books is less now than it was before 1870. It is *hopes* rather than *sales* that have been lost ; and that only temporarily, in my opinion. There seems to me to be a thoroughly hopeful outlook for those who

are content to bide their time and not seek to forestall evolution. As the people become more highly educated, the desire for literature of a satisfying and permanent character must arise, and the ideal of the more serious publishers—a large public for really high-class books—will then be realised. It is true that the magazines may themselves improve in quality, and will probably do so; but a magazine is not a "possession," and I never heard of anyone who loved long series of magazines as he loves his library.

2. I regard the growth of the circulating library movement as a mixed blessing. Collectively, the libraries are a present loss to authors and publishers, mainly because books are still published at prices intended to apply to books which it is hoped will sell in large quantities to the public, but which are mainly bought in small quantities by the libraries. The time is not far distant when books suitable for the libraries, and for little else, will be issued at more remunerative prices; and the libraries will then be found to be of considerable use to the publishers.

THE JOURNALIST.

THE STAFF OF THE *MORNING*.

The *Morning* came into existence on May 21st, 1892, one of the principal proprietors being Lord Francis Hope, brother of the Duke of Newcastle. The first editor was Mr. Chester Ives, now London correspondent of the *New York Herald*. Among his successors have been Mr. John Ferguson Nisbet, dramatic critic of the *Times*, and writer of "Our Notebook" in the *Referee*; Mr. Frederick James Hillier, now of the *Morning Leader*; and Mr. Kennedy Jones, editor of the *Evening News*. At the beginning of this year the *Morning* was purchased by a syndicate; the chief shareholder and managing director being Mr. Joseph Cooke, owner of the *Sheffield Independent* and other provincial journals. An entire change of staff took place, the one exception being Mr. J. Hooper, second sub-editor, who has been connected with the paper since 1895. The new proprietors appointed Mr. J. E. MacManus to the editorship. He is a Dublin man, aged about thirty-five, and by profession a solicitor. His first journalistic appointment was on the staff of the *Freeman's Journal*; thence he passed to the *Leeds Daily News*. Coming to London in 1887, he contributed to the *Globe* and other evening papers. His first permanent engagement in the metropolis was as dramatic critic and leader-writer to the *Evening News*. This connection lasted eight years, and survived several changes of proprietorship. When the *Daily Mail* was started Mr. MacManus became assistant-editor and leader-writer; this position he left to take charge of the *Morning*. He does nearly all the leader-writing; occasionally he is assisted by Mr. Robert Dennis, who was associated with him on the *Mail*. Mr. Dennis is assistant-editor of the *New Century Review*; he is also a minor poet, as witness his verses in the *Morning* on Gladstone. The chief sub-editor is Mr. A. Thorpe; the second sub-editor, Mr. Hooper, has already been mentioned; another sub-editor is Mr. Webster.

The City editor, and writer of "On the Rialto," is Dr. T. M. Ledlie, LL.D., who has been connected with financial journalism in London for some years. He has been a contributor to the *Financial Times*, etc., and at present is the writer of "City Notes" in the *Globe*. He is called upon when a leading article is wanted on financial and commercial topics. The racing department is in charge of Mr. Walter Cooke, brother of the managing director. Mr. A. L. K. Anderson attends to cricket and athletics generally. The artist is Mr. J. M. Dron. The dramatic critic is Mr. Frank Boyd, who also writes "Theatrical Notes," signing "Crummles"; he is proprietor and editor of the *Pelican*. Dr. Storer is musical critic; he is organist at an important church, and author of at least one opera. The magazine pages are personally looked after by Mr. Joseph Cooke, the managing director, and the "Women's Column" is the care of Miss M. Abbott. The outlook of the *Morning* is understood to be brighter now than it has been for some time past; its circulation and advertisements are increasing.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Mr. James C. Grant has been appointed editor and manager of the *Alnwick Guardian*.

The *Northern Mail* is a new halfpenny morning paper emanating from the *Daily News*, Newcastle.

Mr. Hyslop Bell, founder of the *Northern Echo*, and a prominent journalist in Durham county for many years, has recently accepted the post of coroner for the Stockton district.

Mr. J. R. Peat, late editor of the *Bradford Daily Argus*, is the editor of a new evening journal at Burton-on-Trent. Mr. Arthur Chapman of Lowestoft, formerly of Bradford, has joined the staff of the new journal as sub-editor.

Mr. Noax, one of the artists of the *Hull Daily Mail*, has been appointed to a similar position on the *Lancashire Daily Post*, Preston.

Mr. James Hickson has been appointed editor of the *West Ham Herald* and editor of the *Forest Gate Gazette* in succession to Mr. W. Ward.

Mr. Vincent Brown, the author of "Ordeal by Compassion," just published by John Lane, is a Brighton journalist, on the staff of the *Sussex Daily News*.

Last month a gathering of Liverpool press men took place at the Hanover Hotel, to bid farewell to Mr. Frank Mostyn Williams, on his departure from Liverpool to join the literary staff of the *Belfast News Letter*. The opportunity was taken to present Mr. Williams with a souvenir in the form of a handsome marble clock.

Mr. J. A. Buttery, formerly sub-editor of the *Yorkshire Evening Telegraph and Star*, Sheffield, has gone to South Africa, where he has accepted a position on the *Standard and Digger's News*, Johannesburg. His place on the evening paper at Sheffield has been filled by the transfer of Mr. T. H. Toyne from the reporting staff of the *Sheffield Telegraph*.

Mr. Alan D. Dunbar (son of Mr. R. H. Dunbar, of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*) has joined the reporting staff of the *Retford and Gainsborough Times*, the county paper for Notts. Mr. A. E. Reynolds, formerly of the *Sheffield Independent*, has joined the reporting staff of the *Sheffield Telegraph*.

At the annual meeting of the Cornwall sub-district of the Institute of Journalists last month, Mr. Ernest Head, representative of the *Western Morning News* at Penzance, was presented with a case of plate and a silver cigarette case subscribed for by his colleagues in Cornwall in token of their appreciation of the manner in which he had performed the secretarial duties since the formation of the sub-district in 1891. Mr. Head is the new secretary of the Devon and Cornwall district.

Mr. Edward Step, F.L.I., the well-known writer on natural history, has been elected chairman of the Cornwall sub-district of the Institute of Journalists, in which he has taken considerable interest. Mr. A. Bluett of Truro was elected vice-chairman, and Mr. F. J. Mansfield of Truro was elected secretary. It was reported to the annual meeting that through the exertions of Mr. Oscar Blackford, the ex-chairman, a sum of £116 had been forwarded to the orphan fund, as the result of a dinner at Truro.

Mr. H. Leach has severed his connection with the sub-editorial staff of the *Nottingham News* in order to take up an appointment of a similar nature on the staff of a London newspaper.

City Sketches is the title of a new weekly paper published in Nottingham. The first number was issued on the 19th inst. The editor's programme includes local notes and specially illustrated articles on local subjects; portraits and sketches of prominent citizens; volunteer, cricket, cycling, and general sporting news, musical and dramatic critiques, and "correspondence on subjects affecting the well-being of the community."

Mr. J. W. Hickson, formerly chief of the staff, has been appointed editor of the *West Ham Herald*, Forest Gate, E.

Mr. George Walter Farrow, the oldest of the Essex journalists, died on Sunday, May 22nd. The deceased, who was seventy years of age, began his journalistic career at Sudbury, Suffolk, and for twenty years was on the staff of the *Essex Weekly News*, of Chelmsford. After this he served on the now defunct *People's News*, published at Harlow.

Mr. W. A. Elliott, B.A., chief sub-editor of the *Western Mail*, has been presented by the staff with a handsome timepiece in commemoration of his marriage.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. William Mackay, who has represented the *Dundee Courier* and *Weekly News* in Aberdeen for several years, has received an appointment on the sub-editorial staff of the Aberdeen *Evening Gazette* and *Weekly Free Press*.

Mr. David London, who has had charge of the commercial department of the Greenock branch office of the N. B. *Daily*

Mail for some years, has been appointed assistant-manager of the Glasgow *Evening News*, and takes up his new duties on the 1st of June. He will be succeeded at Greenock by Mr. James M'Lean, of the *Gazette*, Paisley.

Mr. K. C. Davidson, who was for some time attached to the reporting staff of the *Dundee Advertiser* and *People's Journal*, Aberdeen, has joined the *Daily Record* staff in Edinburgh.

NEW BOOKS.

MR. MURRAY'S BYRON.*

The appearance of two such editions of Byron's works as the one before us and that begun by Mr. Henley is a sufficient proof of the abiding interest felt in the author, and of the permanence of the place accorded to him in English poetry. The decline of his reputation, so much lamented by his admirers, although unquestionably a fact, has always appeared to us considerably exaggerated. It is not so much positive as comparative. It is of course impossible that Byron should ever again appear the chief poetical representative of his age. To the apprehension of his contemporaries he actually did sustain that character, nor, judging, as they inevitably must, solely by what was apparent to themselves, can they be held to have been mistaken. Wordsworth and Coleridge, Shelley and Keats scarcely existed for the men of the Byronic period; they were compelled, as one of them said, to create the standard of taste by which alone they could be judged. In the absence of such a standard, the poets who alone admitted of comparison with Byron—Scott, Campbell, Moore—were so evidently his inferiors that he could but appear disproportionately great. The recognition of other claims has diminished his relative rank, but not his absolute desert. All his titles to distinction remain unimpaired, but he is no longer regarded as occupying the same relation to contemporary poets as Shakespeare holds towards contemporary dramatists. The decay of his influence as an intellectual force is, indeed, marked and undeniable, but does not indicate any corresponding decline in the general estimate of his genius. He is undoubtedly out of harmony with the controlling ideas of our time; but so was Dante out of harmony with the ideas of the Renaissance, without being one whit the less of a poet on that account. The degree of conformity with the dominant thought of any period is an infallible test of a writer's influence upon that period; it is no test at all of the extent and genuineness of his inspiration.

It is certainly true that Byron has throughout the Victorian period been the object of violent attacks; but in the majority of cases these can be shown to have emanated from the members of exclusive cliques and coteries, and we do not believe them to have reflected the general opinion of his countrymen. Take all that Sir Henry Taylor and Lewes and Thackeray and many another have said, give their censure all the weight which in many respects it undoubtedly deserves, and it will be found to be outweighed by the praise of Ruskin. Many of his admirers, unlike Ruskin, have undoubtedly injured his cause by exaggerated depreciation of other poets and other schools of criticism. If every one who thinks Wordsworth or Shelley a greater poet than Byron is to be set down as an enemy to Byron, Byron's fame is indeed in a precarious condition; but the conviction of their superiority in essentially poetical qualities, now nearly universal, is perfectly compatible with a very high estimate of Byron's genius. Macaulay's criticism, a monument of massive good sense, keeps Wordsworth and Shelley entirely out of sight, yet, so long as we look to Byron only, every word is acceptable. Matthew Arnold's memorial verses clearly indicate his preference for Wordsworth; yet Byron has rarely been extolled with more warmth, never with more discrimination. The notion that the exaltation of other poets must necessarily imply the abasement of Byron arises, we believe, in large measure from the fact that some of these poets had been, or conceived themselves to have been, ill-treated by him, and that their personal resentments communicated themselves to their first panegyrists, who were in many cases their intimate friends.

We feel, therefore, no doubt of the perfect justification for such editions of Byron as, by their elegance and the elaboration of editorial care devoted to them, indicate that he is still regarded as a classic, and one of the lords of English song. Mr. Murray's edition, the only one with which we are at present concerned, amply asserts this character. One claim it unquestionably possesses above all rivals: with the peculiar resources at Mr. Murray's command, it must be the only edition absolutely complete. How far, nevertheless, the additions are valuable, remains to be ascertained. Mr. E. H. Coleridge, to whose editorial care the poetical part of the edition has been committed, arouses interest and expectation by promising fragments of an additional canto of Don Juan, and of an additional part of "The Deformed Transformed." Whatever the strictly poetical merit of these increments, it will be highly interesting to learn, if the fragments suffice, in what manner Byron had proposed to have continued the poems. Trelawny tells us that an eruption of Stromboli was to have been introduced into the next canto of Don Juan; perhaps we shall discover how Juan was to have been brought there; possibly in the custody of Lucifer. The last canto that we at present possess leaves him very comfortably off in England. It cannot be said that the numerous minor poems printed for the first time in the first volume of this edition are of any merit, but the entire volume illustrates one of the misfortunes of voluminous poets, who can rarely put their best foot forward in collected editions. Editors do well in preserving the strictly chronological order, but the inevitable result is to thrust the worst troops into the front of the battle. Byron's vanguard is a very ragged regiment indeed; there is probably not one line of real poetry in Mr. Coleridge's first volume, although the second half of it is full of intellectual force. Yet "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" and "The Curse of Minerva" are purely imitative; they show with what readiness the youth could catch up the style of Churchill, and many lines have become stock citations. Of poetry proper there is little or none, nor is it, perhaps, to Byron's discredit that his own feuds and grievances should have failed to awaken the inspiration which slumbered until aroused by the glories and the sublime or pathetic associations of foreign scenery. The steady progressiveness of his performance, from the beginning until very nearly the end of his career, is one of the finest and surest proofs of the reality of his genius.

With the Letters, the first volume of which is issued simultaneously with the poems, the case is different. The interest of those now published is of course infinitely less than that of the letters to come, but though the range of topics is comparatively limited, and the interest on a much smaller scale, the mind is the same. Byron wrote at twenty as he wrote at thirty, and his individuality is stamped on the most insignificant billet. Half of the poems in the first volume are inane; the other half are mere *tours de force;* but the letters, even when trivial in subject, are always vigorous, and always genuine.

The editors' work has been excellently performed. The notes are full, and their anxious attention to minutiæ show that no diligence of research has been spared. Mr. Coleridge is able to print eleven new poems. The punctuation, "for which Gifford is mainly responsible," has been improved; and many of Byron's own notes, and many various readings, are now printed for the first time. Both Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Prothero have been solicitous in investigating the histories of persons named in the text; Mr. Prothero's accounts of Hobhouse and of Beckford, in particular, may be cited as examples of finished miniature biographies. The poetical works and the letters being procurable separately, the purchaser of both will find a considerable amount of repetition when the same person occurs both in verse and prose, but this seems inevitable. The extent of the additions which Mr. Prothero has been able to make to the correspondence appears from his statement: "The present edition, down to August 22, 1811, prints 168 letters, or an addition of 107 to Moore, 90 to Halleck, and 80 to Mr. Henley. Of this additional matter considerably more than two-thirds was inaccessible to Moore in 1830."

No one, however, knows better than Mr. Prothero how formidable a rival one gifted like Mr. Henley must be to any editor, whatever his exceptional advantages and opportunities. His spontaneous testimony to his competitor's worth is singularly emphatic and generous:—

"No one can regret more sincerely than myself the circumstances which placed this wealth of new material in my hands rather

* "The Works of Lord Byron." A new revised and enlarged edition, with illustrations. "Poetry." Vol. I. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. 6s.
"Letters and Journals." Vol. I. Edited by Rowland E. Prothero. 6s. (Murray.)

than in those of the true poet and brilliant critic who, to enthusiasm for Byron, and wide acquaintance with the literature and social life of the day, adds the rarer gift of giving life and significance to bygone events or trivial details by unconsciously interesting his readers in his own living personality."

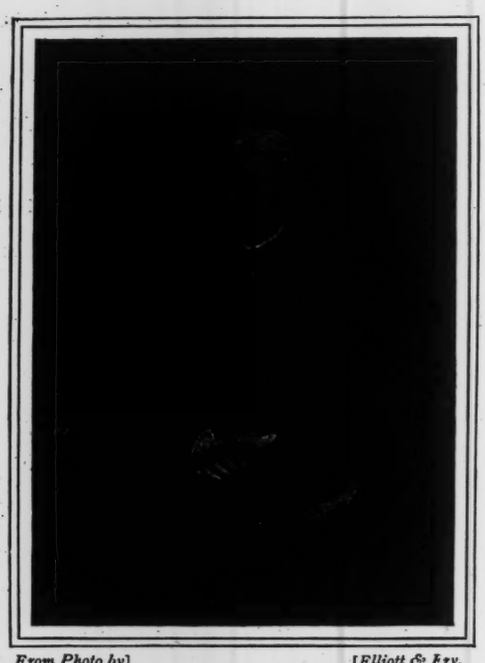
The special characteristics and the special value of Byron's correspondence, nevertheless, will hardly be more adequately stated by any editor than they have been by Mr. Prothero.

"The picture which the letters give of Byron is, it is believed, unique in its completeness, while the portrait has the additional value of being painted by his own hand. Byron's career lends itself only too easily to that method of treatment which dashes off a likeness by vigorous strokes with a full brush, seizing with false emphasis on some salient feature, and revelling in striking contrasts of light and shade. But the style here adopted by the unconscious artist is rather that in which Richardson painted his pathetic picture of Clarissa Harlowe. With slow, laborious touches, with delicate gradations of colour, sometimes with almost tedious minuteness and iteration, the gradual growth of a strangely composite character is presented, surrounded by the influences which controlled or moulded its development, and traced through all the varieties of its rapidly changing moods. Written, as Byron wrote, with habitual exaggeration, and on the impulse of the moment, his letters correct one another, and, from this point of view, every letter contained in the volume adds something to the truth and completeness of the portrait."

It is to be regretted, we think, that a comparatively uninteresting portrait of Byron should have been selected as the frontispiece to the Poetry. The frontispiece to the Letters, on the other hand, representing him at about the age of seventeen, is a portrait of striking force, though there may be doubts as to its strict fidelity. It is remarkable that the familiar curl is absent from the hair. R. GARNETT.

MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS' REMINISCENCES.*

Miss M. Betham-Edwards has been known for long years as a popular novelist, and within the last few days a new



From Photo by [*Elliott & Fry.*

MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS.

novel, "A Storm-rent Sky," has appeared from her pen. She is known also as one of our most distinguished students of French life and literature. Her contributions, to our knowledge of Arthur Young alone would have made her name noteworthy. She has edited his works, and has given us his Autobiography. Altogether she has many claims on our consideration, and it was not unnatural, therefore, that she should wish to publish the inevitable volume of Reminiscences. It must be frankly admitted that the book is a more acceptable one than many that we know. Miss Edwards tells her life-story in a frank and chatty mannner that entirely disarms criticism. She has her prejudices, for surely women more than men—and particularly clever women—are good haters. Miss Edwards—or, as I suppose she would insist upon being called Miss Betham-Edwards—hates with engaging frankness all round. She hates church people and chapel people, she hates Bonapartists and vivisectors. Her pictures of country parsons in the days of her youth are anything but kindly; nevertheless, kindliness is a distinctive note of her book as a whole. Miss Edwards was a farmer's daughter, and for a period of her life she and her sister together ran a Suffolk farm, having their names written across the farm wagons which plied between her native village and Ipswich. One would have liked more information on this early farming, at a time when farming was an entirely profitable occupation, and Miss Betham-Edwards might do well to write a separate book about it. In Suffolk she tells us it was not uncommon to have women-farmers, though they did not take a full share of the farmer's duties. "Although our names figured on tumbril and wagon we did not go to market, samples of corn in little brown paper bags—many and many of these have I fashioned with needle and packthreads—were shown by relation, neighbour, or head man." Miss Edwards calls in question a statement by Mr. Thomas Hardy, to the effect that he makes his Bathsheba appear in the Corn Exchange; "her presence in the corn market," Miss Edwards insists, "is quite at variance with the accepted order of things." That may have been so in Suffolk, but one would like to know whether the same customs necessarily obtained in Mr. Hardy's native Wessex.

An amusing page or two of the book are occupied by Miss Edwards in an account of complications which arose from her similarity of name to her cousin, the late Miss Amelia B. Edwards. It would seem that their letters were constantly interchanged, that their books were attributed to one another, and that even on one occasion a legacy was left to the wrong person. Both were good friends to the end, but each seems to have been stubbornly disposed to retain the "B" in her name, and probably the only witty thing that has ever been attributed to that grimly serious person, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, was the remark that both ladies had "a bee in her bonnet." From a business point of view I have no doubt that Miss M. Betham-Edwards made a mistake in retaining the "Betham" so persistently. Her cousin, the late Amelia Edwards, went largely into public life through her association with Egyptology, and it was inevitable that many things that were done by her cousin should be put down to her. I have not the faintest doubt that if the writer of these Reminiscences had been content to call herself, for pen purposes, merely Matilda Edwards, she would have attained to a far wider success even than has been her lot. The public is impatient of these confusions of name.

The most interesting, however, and practically the final episode in Miss Betham-Edwards' autobiography, is her relations with George Henry Lewes and George Eliot, for the former of whom, in particular, she seems to have had an abundant admiration. Her friendship for George Henry Lewes, indeed, is singular in the light of the fact that to many of those who worshipped at the shrine of George Eliot, he was simply an irresponsible kind of monkey, with a great deal of cleverness, but no heart. The picture of George Eliot, indeed, is not altogether a fascinating one, although it is meant to be so. We seem to see a certain inapproachable pomposity, side by side with gushing allusions to Lewes as "the dear little boy." We have none of the intellectual self-restraint and grasp of life which characterises George Eliot's novels. Expressing herself, for example, on the test of literary excellence and literary fame, George Eliot propounded the statement that the money test and the test of sincerity were the most important. Miss Edwards naturally calls in question the money test by the light of the fact that on our day novels of the type of "Trilby" have had so enormous a success; but surely the test of sincerity, which she accepts and declares to be "unassailable," is equally absurd. Sincerity is the note of half the semi-religious novels which have made headway for a few years, which have brought their writers colossal sums of money and abundant praise, and are now all but forgotten. C. K. S.

* "Reminiscences of M. Betham-Edwards," Author of "The White House by the Sea," "Dr. Jacob," "Kitty." 15s. (London: George Redway.)

THE GRANDISSIMES.*

"The Grandissimes" is one of the great American novels, and for years it has been known as such in its own country. We have had to wait long for the English edition, but the book

* "The Grandissimes. A Story of Creole Life." By George W. Cable. With an Introductory Note by J. M. Barrie. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

is not one to go out of date. It can bear the high tests. The author's power of presenting unfamiliar dramas, each complicated and all intermingled, and of making every one clear and real to the extent of enlisting our warmest sympathies, our hottest partisanship, is only possessed by the masters of fiction. The whole life of a mobile population, stirred by dim ancestral feelings, by unaccountable caprices, is placed before us; yet the stage is never over-crowded, nor are the main episodes of the story confused by the succession of contributory scenes. His purpose includes a revelation of the point of view of the Creole conservative, the Creole sentimentalist, the Creole reformer, the quadroon, the negro, the outside American as practical man, or as humanitarian, as these lived in New Orleans in the first years of the century. With so much to explain, Mr. Cable might have been forced into writing a history of Southern opinion. He has done better—made us see the conflict of race as it worked in living men and women who found their loves thwarted or delayed, who were driven by ancestral impulse to their fates. This is no old story; it is the everlasting tale of the myriad-faced thing that haunts the sleep of justice and slows its hands. A fine humanity breathes through the pages, compelling its readers to grow gentler and wiser as they learn the cost of right-doing in an old community. It is the moral distinction of the book that, in its presentation of the early stage of the race controversy in its most complicated form, there is no tampering with justice. But there is no cold aloofness from the other side. We have the terrible story of Bras Coupe, yet we are not forbidden to linger in the comfortable homestead of the Grandissimes. It is an appeal for the blacks of an intimate kind, such as never could have been made by the Northerners who fought for them. Both the South and the North are in it—the warm tenderness of the one, the chill, pure principles of the other. And the history of Honoré, the quadroon, is a still more eloquent appeal for the mixed race. Palmyre I do not clearly perceive. Her blend of fierce passion and intelligence is the most alien thing in the book.

But it is from the South alone that it draws its grand style and its exquisiteness, from those Creoles whom we love for their naïvete, their kindliness, their charming speech, their courtliness and grace—a courtliness and grace that remind us, now of a Spanish don of the old romance, and now of a Japanese lady of the new.

As Mr. Barrie says, in his admirable note, the glory of the book is Aurore. There are some feats of poets and novelists that are miracles. You cannot tell how they happened, but they could not have happened otherwise. Aurore is of these. If I were to speak of her queer, fascinating speech, her childish attempts at planning and plotting, I should only bungle and suggest some elfish infant, while she is an adorable woman. Who more human? But who so elusive? Is that last scene with Honoré the Greater really, comfortably true? You fall in love with her a hundred times before and after the day when Frowenfeld hastened with her through the Place d'Armes, knowing "he was walking across the vault of Heaven with the evening star on his arm." Was she ever more seductive than on that unpromising occasion when the doctrinaire apothecary prosed to her and her austere little daughter on abstract rights and Creole duties? "'Of coze,' says Aurore, in tolerant submission to his scolding of her kin, 'I thing id is doze climade'; and the apothecary stopped as a man should who finds himself unloading large philosophy in a little parlour." But who so ready as Aurore to ignore suddenly the barriers of race and colour without help from any treatise on the rights of man? "I'ave so mudge troub' wit dat hawt," she sighs. A. M.

THE NEW "THACKERAY."*

Douglas Jerrold's well-known remark, "I have known Thackeray for eighteen years, and don't know him yet," very fairly represents the feeling of Thackeray students still. Thackeray was not an easy man to know. He was frank, but he was also acutely sensitive. His impulse was to talk openly about himself and his concerns, but every now and then self-consciousness would rush in upon him and stiffen his manner into hauteur. Naturally people did not know what to make of him. It was trying to be received at one time with the most engaging frankness, and at another coldly repulsed with a mere formal recognition. Yet kindliness was the one thing that never failed in Thackeray. It seems rather as if at times he had got a sudden glimpse of himself as different from other men, and, too modest to recognise the difference as in his favour, had become suddenly ashamed of his own lovableness.

If it had been possible to publish a complete and satisfactory biography immediately after his death—a biography that would have truly represented the man as he was, the generation that has passed since 1863 might have learned to know him better than Douglas Jerrold or almost any other of his contemporaries could have done. But such biographies are rare—probably there are only two in our language—and a biography which does not give a true picture of its subject is a good many degrees worse than none. Therefore Thackeray's desire that no memoir of him should be written had a good deal of reason on its side, or would have had if it had not been impossible to make such an injunction practically effective. His daughter, loyally observed his wishes, but that simply meant that the only authoritative source of information was stopped. It did not prevent the appearance of a crop of irresponsible and incorrect anecdotes and reminiscences. It has seemed, indeed, as if the only way to learn anything at all about Thackeray were to read as much as possible of what he wrote himself and as little as possible of what other people have written about him.

At last, however, lovers of Thackeray are to be gratified, not with an "authorised life," but with something infinitely better. For it is the novelist we want to know, the man who speaks to us in "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and the rest, and we are interested in his life chiefly, if not solely, in so far as it touches his works. That, we admit, in every earnest writer, is very far indeed. In her new biographical edition Mrs. Richmond Ritchie gives us precisely what we want. The volumes are a pleasure to hold and to handle. They are just what we like our ordinary every-day Thackeray to be. And prefixed to each of them we have all that we wish to know, or have any right to know, about the author himself; all the circumstances, letters, and drawings which bear upon the work.

Already the best of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's anecdotes and reminiscences have been quoted in a host of reviews. Already, we have no doubt, a score or so of enthusiastic pilgrims have taken train to Chiswick in search of the house where young Thackeray went to school, and where the learned Doctor read the Ten Commandments with such awe-inspiring unction that his "resounding tones reminded the people of Mount Sinai itself." A worthy brother to "the Semiramis of Hammersmith!"

If there is still anybody left who thinks Thackeray cynical (the opinion was tolerably universal for a time), these reminiscences, along with his own common sense, ought to prove the means of his conversion. They are full of gaiety and kindliness. His own phrase, "*Aimons nous bien*," contained his philosophy of life. And he learnt it young.

"Vanity Fair," like many another masterpiece, had to wait some time for recognition. "The sale," Mrs. Ritchie tells us, "was so small that it was a question whether its publication should not be discontinued altogether." "Mrs. Perkin's Ball" gave it a start, and Mr. Hayward's notice in the *Edinburgh Review* helped it on. Still Thackeray himself said, "The book does everything but pay." He thought it undoubtedly his best work. "It has the best story, and, for another thing, the title is such a good one, you couldn't have a better." His own design for the title-page is a thing to be seen, not described, particularly the astonishing individual in the background, who stands on his head on the top of a pillar like St. Simeon Stylites in a sudden fit of frolics.

Thackeray's novels with this kind of pleasant *causerie* prefixed are something to look forward to. We are glad there are only two volumes published. That means that there are eleven still to come—a year's enjoyment in anticipation. "The entire edition," says the advertisement, "will be completed on April 15th, 1899." Well, we shall feel rather sorry on April 15th, 1899, though our bookshelves will be all the richer. Perhaps we shall have biographical editions of some of the other great novelists. But there is only one Thackeray. H. R.

* "Biographical Edition of the Works of William Makepeace Thackeray." Vols. 1 and 2. Vanity Fair and Pendennis. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

THE JEW, THE GIPSY, AND EL ISLAM.*

We doubt very much whether the author of the three essays

* "The Jew, the Gipsy, and El Islam." By the late Captain Sir Richard F. Burton. Edited with a Preface and brief Notes by W. H. Wilkins. 21s. (Hutchinson.)

or treatises in this volume would have allowed us to see them in anything like their present state. But that they are evidently drafts and studies for fuller works will not save them now from criticism, and one at least, the first, from indignant attack. The essay on the Jew appears without its appendix on the alleged rite of Human Sacrifice among the Sephardim and the murder of Padre Tomaso. Mr. Wilkins, since he has dared so much, might as well have added that. The accusation is virtually made here. But there is no consistently hostile attack. Whether from unwonted timidity—its writer had found the Jews a formidable people to quarrel with—or from the difficulty of supporting his antipathies by satisfactory evidence, now its tone is admiring, now apologetic, and again, and for the most part, fiercely, fanatically anti-Semitic.

It is not a fair examination of the question, but it demands fairness on a reader's part. Burton had special opportunities of watching the Eastern Jew. But then his statements of facts concerning Hebrew life and influence and ideal outside Europe to-day are very few. His gibes at our English sentimentality, at "the vapid utterance of the so-called Liberal school," have some reason on their side. We have got on with the Jews; they are our excellent fellow-citizens; and so the absence of friction allows us to idealise them as a great people with a wonderful past and with wonderful capacities in the present. But Italy shares our goodwill. There is no anti-Semitic feeling there. "Because under the present enlightened Governments of the West the Jews have lost much of their ancient rancour, and no longer perpetrate the atrocities of the Dark Ages, Europe is determined to believe that the race is, and ever has been, incapable of such atrocities." Not at all. The literal and the logical inference is that the Jew is eminently tamable. "The Jew's hand was ever, like Ishmael's, against every man but those belonging to the Synagogue." The Gentile charities of civilised European countries—in which some of the great powers cannot yet be counted—give the lie to this. That thousands and thousands of Jews were in times past roasted and skinned alive is a fact not to be got over. Come then, says Burton, let us seek for the "solid cause" underlying the Christian vengeance. Was it for mere usury on the part of the Hebrews? Was it from Christian superstition? He laughs at both ideas, and points darkly to unnameable deeds and to traditions of the dark ages authenticated by savage acts to-day in Palestine, "still not unknown to Western Europe, Asia Minor, and Persia." Of these alleged acts not a shred of evidence is given. Let Mr. Wilkins do justice to Burton, if he can, even at the expense of our feelings, by producing that Appendix. As to the "solid cause" of persecution, it was the surging up of the wild beast in men debauched by power. What race has been exempt from these horrible reactions? Not the Teutons, not the Latins, and, we freely own, not the Jews—for they are not a mild people. It is uncandid, it is perilous in the present state of things, and it is insolent, to inscribe a list of reported outrages on Christians in ancient and in modern times, unsupported by one scrap of evidence. The taint of the Judenhetze—which once was the delight of the bully tormenting the weak, and now is fierce and sordid financial jealousy—is over the whole of the treatise. Yet in the end, against the writer's will, it is a great recognition of Jewish power. Burton was too much enamoured of strength to withhold his admiration. His sympathies were all against them, and yet few Christian books testify so vigorously to the vitality, the intellect, the imagination, the persistence of this race, so rich in possibilities for good and evil, whom, in their own ways, we cannot conquer, cannot even compete with, and whom it is surely politic not to goad into hostility in countries where their good living is of older date than our Christian tolerance.

The chapters on the gipsy are very different in tone. Burton's sympathies were with them, and so, while he does not idealise them in the least, he has no care to deal seriously with their crimes or peccadilloes. The chief value is ethnographical. No one before has so definitely described their connection with Asia, and with the wandering, horse-couping, thieving, fortune-telling Jats of the Punjaub. But it has wide popular interest in the accounts of the wandering folk in Persia and Syria, in Africa and America, as well as in Europe. The picture is ever the same in essentials. Local and national custom were never so defied as by these vagabonds, who, nevertheless, know better than most settled tribes how to please and take advantage of the powers that be. The houseless gipsy with no stake in the country is ever a Church and State man.

As for "El Islam," it is little more than an expression of sympathy with the "Saving Faith" at its best. The method of examination is exactly the reverse of that practised in the chapters on the Jews, and on the whole it is more valuable as throwing light on Burton's own mind than on the Prophet, his work, and his followers.

SOME CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

Under the somewhat inelegant title of "Otium Didascali," the Headmaster of Durham publishes a volume of translations into Greek and Latin verse which will be welcome to all scholars, and especially to those who agree with him that "no other part of a classical education gives so great a stimulus to thought, so good a training in accuracy, or so fine a perception of the beauties of poetry, whether ancient or modern" as verse composition. That such a collection of pieces by a single hand should be wholly satisfactory is hardly to be expected, and, indeed, among many similar volumes perhaps only two, which bear the names of Kennedy and Jebb, are really first-rate, although a third might be added if Shilleto's masterly translations, which now unhappily, like the songs of the Sibyl, exist only on scattered leaves, were collected and published. Nevertheless, the present volume is distinctly good and pleasant reading throughout, the writer handling a great variety of metres with exceptional skill. Perhaps it is in dealing with the Greek Iambic that he is least satisfactory, for this metre, like English blank verse, is at once extremely easy to write and extremely hard to write well; while when such passages as that of Tennyson beginning, "And slowly answered Arthur from the barge" (p. 88) are selected, it needs the utmost skill to keep their simple greatness from sinking into mere commonplace, as any one may see who will compare the original with such weak lines as these—

σὺ δέ,
εἰ καὶ τόδ' ὄμμα μὴ πάλιν βλέψεις, λιτάς
ψυχῆς ὑπέρ μου σπεῖσον, ὡς πλείω λιταὶ
τελοῦσι τοῦ δοκοῦντος· ὥστ' ἐμοὶ τὸ σὸν
νυκτὸς ῥέοι λιταῖσι κἀν φέγγει στόμα.

On the other hand a fragment of Anacreontic verse (p. 83) is a pure gem, and so is a similar rendering of "Oft in the stilly night," while the often-attempted problem of reproducing Newman's "Lead, kindly Light," is almost solved, and either Tennyson or Horace might read with satisfaction these stanzas on "the land that freemen till"—

Terram libera gens hanc arat; hanc sibi
libertas propriam sobria destinat:
seu plaudit populus seu fremit, hic viro
fari quod placuit licet.
Hic lex et stabili foedere civitas
augustique vetus gloria nominis:
hic, exempla trahens undique, latius
Libertas aperit sinum.

Mr. Starkie's edition of the "Wasps" appears in the disguise of a school-book, but is really a work of the highest quality and a perfect store-house of information. No one wishing to study this play carefully can do without it, but ninety-four pages of introduction, and 344 closely-printed pages of notes to 1,537 lines of text would crush any boy's sense of Aristophanic fun. Those who will face the notes will find them not only learned but entertaining, and the editor's Shakespearian parallels are often of extreme interest, but the mass of comment which nowadays often almost buries an author is inducing many teachers to consider whether the best thing to place in a boy's hands is not a simple and sensibly edited text. For those who hold this opinion the Cambridge University Press has added to previous volumes an excellent and admirably printed text of the "Republic" of Plato, with important varieties of reading clearly marked at the foot of each page. A concise introduction gives the history of the text with great lucidity, and the editor justly criticizes the modern craze for conjectural corrections. Many of these corrections are, like Badham's δι' ὅτων for ἰδιωτῶν

* "Otium Didascali." By Walter Hobhouse, Headmaster of Durham School. (London: Macmillan and Co.) 4s. nett.
"The Wasps of Aristophanes." By W. J. M. Starkie. (Macmillan and Co.) 6s.
"The Republic of Plato." By J. Adam. (Cambridge University Press.) 4s. 6d.
"Æschyli Tragœdiæ." The Parnassus Library. Edited by Prof. Lewis Campbell. (Macmillan and Co.) 5s. nett.
"The Works of Horace, Translated into English Prose." By W. Coutts. (Longmans, Green and Co.) 5s. nett.
"Atlas of Classical Portraits." By W. H. D. Rouse. (J. M. Dent and Co.) In two parts, 1s. 6d. each.

(p. xx), merely indifferent puns, but they are so increasing in number as to be a positive nuisance, and sensible people will agree with Mr. Adam in his terse verdict on their authors—Dum alienos errores emendare nituntur, ostendunt suos.

Professor Lewis Campbell has edited Æschylus for the "Parnassus Library" on much the same principles as Mr. Adam, adhering closely to the MSS. and only noting important or needful conjectures, and the volume, which is printed in Macmillan's new type, is as finished and graceful in appearance as its predecessors. Of course, where a text is so corrupt as that of Æschylus, no edition can be quite satisfactory, but on the whole Professor Campbell makes the best of a bad business and provides a sound text which the general reader can accept and understand. Occasionally he is startling, as when, *Agamemnon*, 930, he alters εὐθαρσὴς ἐγώ into the exact opposite, οὐ θαρσῶ μέγα; or, four lines later, prints τόδ' ἐξεῖτον τάχος, which he boldly renders, "I make that prompt reply" (Intr., p. xx.). The explanation, however, of these exceptional eccentricities is to be found in the foot-note, "Correxit L. C.," and this slight nepotism is pardonable in an editor who elsewhere effaces himself, while students may well be grateful to him for introducing to them a wonderful emendation of *Supplices*, 878, by Professor Robertson Ellis. There the Chorus, abusing an Egyptian herald, employs the unintelligible words περιχαμτὰ βρυάζεις, which now appear as περί, χάμψα, βρυάζεις, "you brag too much, Crocodile!" χάμψα being an Egyptian word for "crocodile," and the slang phrase—compare our "John Bull," "Johnnie Crapaud"—being essentially human and vigorous.

The demand for translations of Horace seems inexhaustible. Last year Bryce's well-known version in Bohn's Library was republished, and now Mr. Coutts has produced a similar work for Messrs. Longman. Taken as a whole the rendering is good, and in difficult passages accurate, but there are occasional slips, and the phrase "to the foot of my ankles" (p. 116) is at least odd, while "He who desires a competency" (Od. 3, 1) hardly expresses the meaning of "desiderantem quod satis est." Literal translations, however, of a writer so well known as Horace do not afford much material for criticism in any but a technical review. On the other hand Mr. Rouse's small book, an "Atlas of Classical Portraits," is not only novel but of general interest. It is in two sections, one containing Greek and the other Roman portraits reproduced by photography, and each accompanied by a brief biographical notice with one or two illustrative quotations or criticisms. Whether or not Mr. Rouse is right in his idea that such a book will help a schoolboy to give life and reality to his classical reading, at any rate the average man will find in each of these small volumes, for the modest sum of eighteenpence, the opportunity for learning a great deal with very little trouble, by the mere medium of the eye. Twenty minutes spent in turning over their pages while smoking a cigar would give any one ideas in spite of himself—and how few books do that!

T. E. PAGE.

PROFESSOR FRANKLAND'S LIFE OF PASTEUR.*

This is a sympathetic and well-written memoir of one of the most remarkable men of the century; a man to whom humanity owes a deep debt of gratitude, for the achievements of Pasteur are closely interwoven with the circumstances by which our daily life are surrounded. The story of his life is more interesting than most romances; his early struggles, his life-long devotion to research, and the brilliant successes which rewarded his toil in the multifarious branches of knowledge to which he contributed—all these are here portrayed by the pens of those who knew him well. Indeed the work of recording the history of his eventful life could not have fallen into better hands, as is shown by the fact that the Royal Society committed to Professor Frankland the preparation of the obituary notice of the great Frenchman.

The life of Pasteur is a remarkable object lesson in the correlation of the sciences. Beginning his career as a student of one of the most obscure branches of physical chemistry, he was led on, from point to point, until his labours culminated in those contributions to pathology and practical medicine with which his name is indissolubly connected. And yet all his work forms one continuous investigation. His first work was a study of crystalline forms and their optical properties; this led him to investigate the two forms of tartaric acid, apparently identical in composition, but dissimilar in their relation to polarised light. The examination of impurities in commercial tartrates turned his attention to the process of fermentation, and this enquiry drew his attention to the importance of organisms of the humblest kind as factors in chemical process; for, in opposition to Liebig, he conclusively demonstrated that these are the active causes of all forms of fermentation. Incidentally in these researches he showed that in all the experiments which were supposed to prove the possibility of the spontaneous generation of living organisms there were obvious fallacies, and that when proper precautions were taken no traces of living beings appeared under any circumstances.

At this stage of his work he was very reluctantly forced to turn aside to investigate the mysterious disease which threatened to destroy the silk industry, and here he also found that he had to deal with the effects of parasitic organisms of lowly organisation. The story of this research, carried on in the face of almost endless difficulties and feeble health, is profoundly interesting, and in it he showed that indomitable energy and whole-hearted devotion to his work which were eminently characteristic of his life. These studies in the obscure borderland between chemistry and biology led to further researches into the relations of micro-organisms to disease, out of which sprang those later studies of anthrax, fowl-cholera and hydrophobia which laid the foundations of the doctrine of immunity, and which now form the basis of modern preventive medicine.

Pasteur's discoveries at all stages of his life-work have been remarkably fruitful. His early researches, completed before he was twenty-five years old, may be regarded as forming the basis of the department of stereochemistry, that is of the spatial relations of the atoms in the molecule; an obscure subject, but one which in the hands of Van't Hoff and others has led to valuable additions to our knowledge; his discovery of the anthrax vaccine has been a saving of millions of francs to the French farmers; while his other discoveries in preventive medicine have been the starting points of the researches of Lister, which have revolutionised surgery, and of the work of Metschnikoff, Gamaleia, Haffkine, Hankin, and others, which have equally aided in the progress of medicine.

Nature has still her problems, and many forms of disease still prove refractory to experiment along Pasteurian lines. But when we compare the present state of medicine and surgery with the condition of knowledge as it was before Pasteur's day there is reason to hope that past progress is but the earnest of still greater future triumphs. Meantime the life of Pasteur has not been spent in vain, and the record of the labours of France's greatest savant cannot fail to be stimulating to those workers who are now setting themselves to the study of those problems of nature which have as yet seemed insoluble. We have need in this country to take these lessons seriously to heart, for it is a melancholy reflection that Great Britain is at present very far behind such nations as France, Germany, and Russia in those lines of research which in the hands of Pasteur have been productive of so much benefit to humanity at large.

A. MACALISTER.

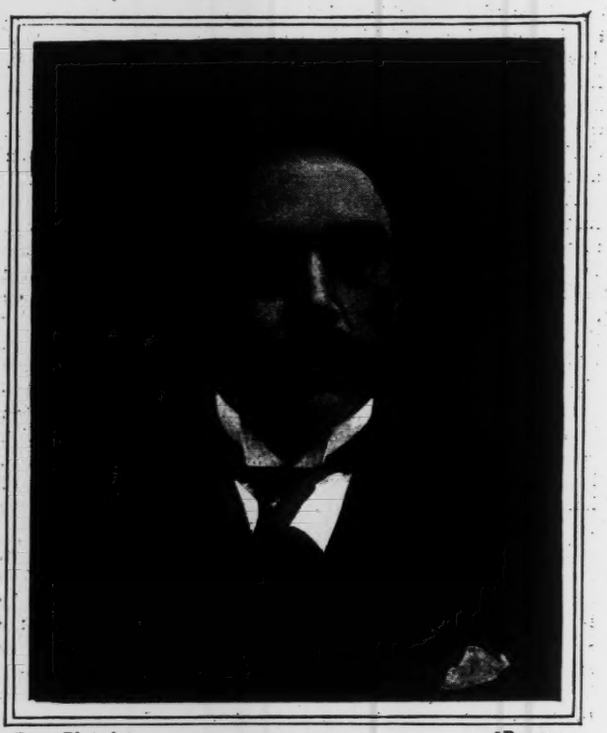
* "Pasteur." By Professor and Mrs. Percy Frankland. 3s. 6d. (Cassell and Co.)

MR. HARLAND'S NEW STORIES.*

Mr. Harland is always amusing, and the more so that it seems to cost him so little trouble. There is no straining after incident, or after subtle characterisation. Within his own world—a very special world, of course—it is the common rather than the abnormal things and people he strives to reflect, provided always the common human things and persons have graceful ways and clothes and habits of speech. Good-nature, grace, and youth are the favoured qualities in the very pleasant expurgated edition of the *Vie de Bohême* which Mr. Harland is editing in, let us hope, a very large number of volumes. His observations extend outside artists' quarters, extend, in fact, to wherever the *bourgeois* does not enforce his stiff manners. So here, in "Comedies and Errors," we have scenes in petty courts as well as in studios, and royal personages are made to appear quite as human and quite as entertaining as those of lower degree. "The Queen's Pleasure," "The Invisible Prince," and "Merely Players," all of them dealing with the possible humours and consolations of court existence, are, we think, the

* "Comedies and Errors." By Henry Harland. 6s. (Lane.)

best of the collection. There are gay stories and sad stories, and one rather heavy tale, "The Friend of Man," the subject of which Mr. Harland should have left to the serious moods of his master. But sad or gay, the tales are all good-humoured and well-bred, and, with the one exception we have named, certain to amuse.



From Photo by] MR. HENRY HARLAND. *[Bassano.*

MILITARY MEN AND METHODS.*

Sir Henry Rawlinson was one of the most striking of the many-sided military men of his day and generation. As Governor of the province of Kirmanshah in Persia, and as British Agent at Candahar during the Afghan War of 1839-42, he approved himself a man of original force of character and a born ruler. Besides this he was a pioneer in the study of cuneiform, and was the first to transcribe and interpret correctly the Great Behistun Inscription, "the 'Rosetta Stone' of cuneiform discovery." From his boyhood he showed a daring and independent temper, and that knack of success which lies in a combination of talent and good fortune. Chance placed opportunities in his way; genius showed him how to seize them. We cannot help regretting that he should have left so little record of his work. He was brilliant rather than persevering, and had not patience to write any but the most fragmentary of journals. His biography, therefore, has been a most difficult one to write, and we can readily understand the impossibility of having it ready in 1894, as was at first promised. Still, in spite of difficulties, Canon Rawlinson has succeeded well. He has evidently striven to be impartial, and has perhaps too sternly repressed enthusiasm, but his narrative is plain, and from it the reader can deduce his own estimate of the man.

The tone of clerical quietude in which Canon Rawlinson writes is in curious contrast with the youthful vigour and love of adventure which meet us in every page of Lieutenant Vandeleur's "Campaigning on the Upper Nile and Niger." It is quite possible that severely scientific persons with an unquenchable thirst for "results of research" may be conscious of limitations in the book (though we hopefully refer any such to the appendix, where they will find duly tabulated the edifying, if ponderous, results of meteorological and astronomical observations), and may even criticise the boyish and breezy style and language. For our part, that is just what we have enjoyed most. We learn to know the campaigners as well as the campaigns, and share their experiences with them—experiences perilous and various enough to keep interest awake from first to last. The illustrations alone are worth looking over the book for. The drawing of "Fulah Horsemen Charging" is as spirited and accurate a sketch as we have seen, and the photograph of "The Camp at Usoga" represents a veritable paradise, and suggests a tantalising dream of August holidays and delicious loafing in the sunshine. It must surely have been just such a house that began, as Lieutenant Vandeleur tells us, to sprout and burgeon in its beams with the quickening of the new season.

A very different type of man from these is Sir Charles E. Gordon. His experience is wider than that of either, yet his mental horizon is narrower. His observation is more minute, but his spirit is less bold. He is not absolutely free from an occasional tendency to grumble. Perhaps it is not wonderful that after thirty-nine years as an army surgeon there should be a note of depression in a man's reminiscences, and that, despite rewards and honours, he should take up his pen wearily. Reading between the lines on pages whose dulness we must admit, we find a record of benevolence that wins our esteem, and among chapters of little general interest there are some, notably those describing the Siege of Paris, in whose very superabundance of detail lies their chief value.

There is no lack of detail any more than any lack of vivacity in Mr. Lionel James' account of the Indian Frontier War of last year. He takes up frankly the attitude of special pleader for the British arms, brings (and italicises) against the Government of India the charge of choosing "*to equip the force with an inefficient transport*," and condemns the policy of leaving the Tirah territory. His description of the difficulties and hardships is convincing enough, and the splendid conduct of the troops has never been disputed, but we still find ourselves inquiring what the Intelligence Department had been about during all the time of preparation. That was the weak spot, and Mr. James is for the most part silent about it. With regard to the literary quality of the book, Mr. James disarms criticism on the first page by saying modestly that the narrative does not "profess to be more than a rough diary of a campaign told in the simple language of a war correspondent." That is exactly what it is, though we are not disposed to insist unduly on the "roughness," notwithstanding one or two slips. It is written by an accomplished journalist, and is therefore readable; by an eye-wtiness, and therefore reliable. The photographs and sketches are valuable. Indian affairs cool quickly, and this book is one that ought to be read at once before politics have had time to crystallise into history.

"In the mouth of two witnesses a thing is established." Captain Shadwell agrees with Mr. James that we ought to have annexed Tirah. The only objection is on the score of the enormous expense, but, as the writer pertinently asks, "Would it be as enormous as the cost of constant frontier expeditions?" Captain Shadwell calls his book "Lockhart's Advance through Tirah," but he gives us much more than a mere record of the campaign. He has ethnographical chapters, tactical chapters, and political chapters, which we have found quite as interesting as the narrative itself. That on "Army Organisation" we heartily recommend to anyone who cares to understand the methods of military operations.

In "With the Mounted Infantry and the Mashonaland Field Force" Colonel Alderson takes us behind the scenes in the friendliest fashion, and shows us how military matters are managed. There are anecdotes and incidents innumerable, some pathetic, some amusing; the language is refreshingly slangy, and the sketches answer their purpose capitally. It is altogether a good-natured book, easy to read, and anything but dull; yet there is a great deal to be learned from it. Colonel Alderson has a happy knack of chatting informatively.

* "Memoir of Sir Henry C. Rawlinson." By Canon Rawlinson. 16s. (Longmans and Co.)
"Campaigning on the Upper Nile and Niger." By Lieutenant Seymour Vandeleur. 10s. 6d. (Methuen and Co.)
"Recollections of Thirty-nine Years in the Army." By Sir C. A. Gordon. 12s. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co., Ltd.)
"The Indian Frontier War of 1897." By Lionel James. 7s. 6d. (William Heinemann.)
"Lockhart's Advance Through Tirah." By Captain L. J. Shadwell. 7s. 6d. (W. Thacker and Co.)
"With the Mounted Infantry and the Mashonaland Field Force, 1896." By Brevet-Lieut.-Col. E. A. H. Alderson. 10s. 6d. (Methuen and Co.)

THE REAL AUDUBON.*

This bulky work has been prepared as a protest against

* "Audubon and his Journals." By Maria R. Audubon. With Zoological and other Notes by Elliott Coues, and 37 Illustrations. 2 vols. 30s. (Nimmo.)

"The Life of Audubon" edited by Mr. Robert Buchanan, which is said to be incorrect and also "very unpleasant to the Audubon family." In this correct and complete version we hear a little too much of the Audubon family; and we are not so much interested as the editor may expect in the many irrelevantly introduced portraits. Even its famous member should have been selected from much more rigorously. Of French birth and brought up for the most part in France, he never wrote English well, though he wrote it fluently; and the tales of his journeys, full of valuable ornithological matter and containing many interesting adventures, are nevertheless very stiff reading. There is a fair reward, however, in store for the general reader, and a great one for the student of birds, who persists and dares the *longueurs*. Audubon had an eventful life, full of strange vicissitudes. Alternately spoilt and harassed by fortune, his career as the much-indulged son, as the enthusiastic student, the painter, the dancing-master, the lonely traveller, is always worth following. He was a character, an eccentric; and now and again in his journals this comes out delightfully. There was little humility about him; and in Edinburgh even the formidable Jeffrey could not make him quail. "Then Francis Jeffrey and his wife entered; he is a small (not to say tiny) being, with a woman under one arm and a hat under the other. He bowed very seriously indeed, so much so that I conceived him to be fully aware of his weight in society. His looks were shrewd, but I thought his eyes almost cunning. . . . If I mistake not, Jeffrey was shy of me, and I of him, for he has used me very cavalierly. . . . He never came near me, and I never went near him; for if *he* was Jeffrey, *I* was Audubon, and felt quite independent of all the tribe of Jeffreys in England, Scotland, and Ireland put together." Naïf, affectionate, eager as the man was, his lengthy, ponderous style cannot all obscure his originality and his attractiveness. In the second volume are printed interesting supplements to the journals in the shape of short papers on natural history subjects or autobiographical, containing such accounts of experiences in the wood and the wild as makes one regret that the literary gifts of Thoreau were not his.

MEMOIRS OF A HIGHLAND LADY.*

Lady Strachey, who edits this volume, makes plain that it was not intended for the public. This the reader can see for himself. Much of what is recorded in frank and unreserved fashion must have been meant for the kindly eyes of kith and kin alone. That Mrs. Smith's family have had the grace and good sense to give forth all that came to their hands calls for much thankfulness. Especially is Lady Strachey's part praiseworthy. A brief and satisfactory preface, few but sufficient notes, accurate page-top headings and dates, a very complete index and a family tree, constitute her contribution to a handsome volume. And whoso would travel further back than authoress and editress care to carry us, is hereby referred to the late Sir William Fraser's "Chiefs of Grant," which may be picked up now and again, we believe, for the matter of thirty or forty pounds!

The book is sure, sooner or later, to make a place for itself. For a picture of life in the first quarter of the present century in Edinburgh and the Highlands of Scotland, in England and Holland and India, nothing can surpass the vivacious and veracious account of this piquant, clever, warm-hearted woman, who was more than half-English by blood, all Highland at heart, and, though not an Irishwoman-born, born to be one by natural genius and destiny. It is not Mrs. Smith of Baltiboys, however, but Elizabeth Grant of Rothiemurchus, with whom we are concerned, and with the first thirty years or so of a life greatly prolonged (1797-1885).

The opening chapters make a real contribution to child-literature. Taken as the history of a child, the vivid depicting of one's own childhood and upbringing a hundred years ago, probably nothing more perfect is to be found. But the distinguishing merit and value of the book is its pourtrayal of life in England (every part of it) and Scotland (especially Edinburgh and the Highlands), as seen and lived at a most interesting time by an open-eyed, open-hearted girl of many gifts and exceptional opportunities. Whom had she not seen or met or known of the illustrious in the days before the Queen was born? She has her vivid recollection of Shelley's expulsion from Oxford—for her uncle was master of University College, and she was staying with her uncle at the time. Coleridge, too, somewhat later, she saw a good deal of. He came often to dine at another uncle's, at Hampstead. "That poor mad poet, Coleridge, who never held his tongue, would stand pouring out a deluge of words meaning nothing, with eyes on fire and his silver hair streaming down to his waist. His family had placed him with a doctor at Highgate, where he was well taken care of. A nephew of his, a fine young man, a great favourite with my uncle, often came to us on a holiday; he was afterwards a great lawyer. Miss Joanna Baillie," she runs on, "was a frequent visitor; a nice old lady. Then we had Mr. Irving, of the unknown tongues, the most wonderful orator, eloquent beyond reason, but leading captive wiser heads. Men went to hear him and wondered. Women adored him, for he was handsome in the pulpit, tall and dark, with long black hair hanging down, a pale face set off with superb teeth, and a pair of flashing eyes." Her album is full of such faces,—the Duke of Wellington, Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, Lord Eldon (John Clerk), of whom she has an extraordinary picture to present, all the Edinburgh notables of that heyday, Mrs. Siddons, whose daughter became her sister-in-law, the famous Duchess of Gordon (who sleeps in Rothiemurchus), and many others.

Soon after the dark calamity that drove them from Rothiemurchus, she and a sister were beginning to earn money by their pen productions. Better fortune put a stop to these efforts and aspirations. One may be permitted to reflect how, had they fared further in that field and made a name in literature, like the Brontës a few years later, this volume had been welcomed as a treasure of inestimable worth. As it is, the book has its own intrinsic value; and they who love to wander over this island-realm in times while as yet steam is not, and witness the advent, eighty or a hundred years ago, of mighty changes in dances and dresses and things of greater consequence, will set great store by this unpretending but charming volume. Mrs. Grant of Laggan it was who first drew the world's attention —and Sir Walter Scott's—to the people and scenery of the Highlands. Our Lady of Rothiemurchus (that latter-day Paradise of our chief spiritual guides) knew the Highland heart and character better, or to better purpose, than either of these; and she would not have feared to tell the Great Wizard so, had she differed, as she sometimes dares to do, from his appreciations of the North. J. C. G.

* "Memoirs of a Highland Lady: The Autobiography of Elizabeth Grant of Rothiemurchus, afterwards Mrs. Smith of Baltiboys: 1797-1830." Edited by Lady Strachey. 10s. 6d. (John Murray.)

AN EXPERIMENT IN REALITY.*

Mr. Wyckoff has been experimenting with existence, and we are indeed grateful that he has not succumbed to the temptation to put his experiences into the form of a novel. The narrative would have gained nothing, and would probably have lost much, in interest, while its value as raw material for theorists on social and labour questions would have been largely sacrificed. We are glad, too, that he himself does not pose as a theorist, further than to express in a few words the impressions and opinions of an educated man brought face to face with phases of life and methods of existence new to him. He contents himself with a simple relation of his experience in travelling, on foot and moneyless, in the capacity of an unskilled labourer, through New York and Pennsylvania, earning his living as he goes. He assures us of his unadorned accuracy in detail, and thus secures at starting an attentive interest which the narrative itself only tends to deepen. As a day labourer, as a hotel porter, as a woodsman in a logging camp, he had opportunities of digging down to the bed-rock of humanity and of catching now and then a glimpse of its elemental fires. Sharing the pork and beans of his fellow-workmen, he shared also the rough, rudimentary logic of their attitude towards their life and work, and at the same time shared with them something of the influence of his own more finely developed perceptions. The story is so simply told that its attractiveness never fails, and characters like the over-worked waitress, whose idea of the *summum bonum* was expressed in, "Oh, I wish I was rich, and could swing all day in a hammock!" or FitzAdams, the woodsman's "boss," whose tone was "awestruck" as he asked, "Say, Buddy, have you got a education?" have their vitality direct from Nature without the uncertain intervention of

* "The Workers." By Walter A. Wyckoff. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

a literary creator. We have found the book most interesting, the more so that it is not written to propagate any particular social nostrum. Theorists of almost any shade may find arguments in it. It will be well if they deduce them from facts, even at second hand.

THE CLASSES AND THE MASSES.*

A mere diatribe against Socialism would have been more strengthening to Mr. Mallock's platform than the present volume with its semblance of cold reasoning and its marshalling of selected and doubtful facts. The second of the two books under notice is a wild outburst of condemnation. "Scotsburn" declares Socialism to be "an avowed scheme for the entire destruction of civilisation, with its concomitants—Law and Justice, Private Property, Religion, the Family, Marriage, and National Life." He is entirely unscientific, but he has written a frank and honest diatribe, whose indignation does burn up the extremer claims of the Socialists; and his arguments will be of some use to the elementary student preparing for a contest at a debating club.

There was room for an able book on Mr. Mallock's theme. He has exaggerated the importance of the assertions of certain Socialists regarding the uselessness to the State of dominant talents. Still, since the tendency of some writers and speakers is to emphasise the reward due to the long, patient labour of the masses at the expense of that earned by the organisers and leaders, a restatement of the Great Man theory is not superfluous. But to what kind of a great man does Mr. Mallock present us? In the preface he declares that his use of "Aristocracy" has no reference to a special class, but means the "exceptionally gifted and efficient minority." He quotes Renan on the title-page: *Toute civilisation est l'œuvre des aristocrates.* Renan would not have thanked him for his commentary. For his "exceptionally gifted" one turns out to be merely, at best, the inventor of convenient things, or the shrewd man of business, or the exploiter. According to his classification, all who show supreme excellence in craft, in art, in morals, become ordinary persons; their work is judged unprogressive, because the artist, the noble man cannot make his neighbours do precisely what he does! This sounds like madness. Does Mr. Mallock use this argument to make us feel he is the practical man, concerned with real things, no mere defender of caste? Perhaps there is some sincerity in it, for the whole tone of the book is more material than one expects even in works dealing with economic matters. The law of progress, according to Mr. Mallock, is that the world and the fulness thereof shall be to the average man, who uses his elbows vigorously to grab the money-bags and who has the grit to keep them.

But towards the end he changes his ground, and pleads the cause not of those exceptionally gifted to drive the human machine, but of all who happen to have been born and bred in snug and sheltered places. He is nervously insistent on the perils of educating those whose intellectual development reaches only so far as to make them question and disturb authority. He is really talking of the dangers of half-education; but he would not own it, for it might rouse clamours for further opportunities. Not once does he touch on the danger to the community of the ill-learnt social duties of the inferior members of the comfortable classes, and of the stupid ignorance which turns natural demand for change into revolution. In the end he comes back to the convenient theory that the best people will always be at the top, whatever the means by which they have got there.

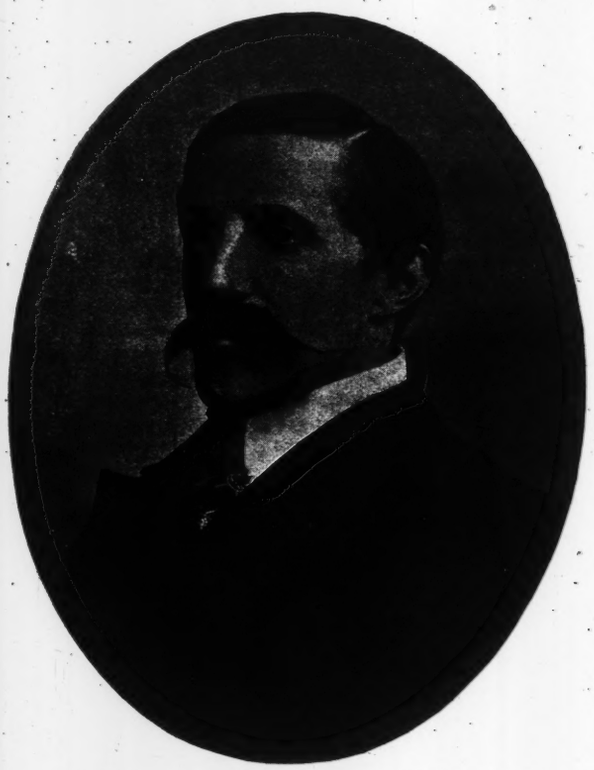
Mr. Mallock has made one or two indisputable points. Though he is not the first to show that Socialists make too much of the power residing in the proletariat, instead of dwelling on brain force and moral energy as agents of progress; though he is not the first to urge that progress is mainly a struggle between efficient persons; nor to insist that sociology is only at its beginning, and up till now has not helped to solve one social problem; yet these things were worth a book, a better book than this, one which would not deign to use such a stump-orator illustration as the children of the rich man going straight to the streets or the workhouse on his death, were the State to have some say in the investment of the capitalist's fortune. Starting with the pretension of a fine purpose—to show how it is the gifted few make the world move on—he ends in the style of a Property Defence lecturer of the fanatic sort.

* "Aristocracy and Evolution. A Study of the Rights, the Origin, and the Social Functions of the Wealthier Classes." By W. H. Mallock. 12s. 6d. (A. and C. Black.)
"What is Socialism?" By Scotsburn. 7s. 6d. (Isbister.)

NOVEL NOTES.

KRONSTADT. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)

We think there can be no doubt that "Kronstadt" is, in every way, the most finished and most successful novel Mr. Pemberton has given us. The plot is original, daring, dramatic, and most skilfully worked out. The climax is particularly striking, for though quite unexpected and startling, it is convincing, and at the same time satisfactory. But "Kronstadt" is something more than a breathlessly exciting story of adventure. Mr. Pemberton's style is gaining in distinction and polish, and the care which he has lavished on even insignificant characters is more than repaid. Each figure in the story is firmly realised



From Photo by [*W. Bradshaw, Newgate Street, E.C.*
MR. MAX PEMBERTON.

and clearly portrayed in a few strong lines. As a picture of Russian military life and manners "Kronstadt" is admirable, and we feel that we should recognise General Stefanovitch, and Bengo, and Prince Talma, and Paul Zassulic among a thousand. Mr. Pemberton is to be congratulated on the production of a really fine novel.

THE WHITEHEADED BOY. By George Bartram. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Your traditional Irishman has an infinite faith in the shillelagh as an instrument of social regeneration and the righting of wrongs. He makes the mistake of trusting to his blackthorn instead of to his "blarney," though, if he only knew it, the latter is by far the more powerful weapon. Rory Mullens (not to say at once, Mr. Bartram) is the traditional Irishman, and though he offends us sometimes when his realism verges on the barbarous, the next moment he turns upon us with his "soodherin" talk and charms us into forgiving him. The brogue of his dialogue is positively infectious. We have noticed a distinct Hibernian flavour in our own speech since we read it. And in description there is just enough of it to give grace to the unrestrained Celtic imagery, and tempt us to read his sentences over again. We have not space to quote his exquisite passage on the deep poetic melancholy of the Irish temperament "keening" under its surface ripples—"here and there a mad Hurra or a hushed Gramachree, and the rest all Oehone and Wirrasthrue"; but the chapter in which it occurs, entitled "The Broken Man," is as good as anything we have lately come across. Of interesting characters there is no lack. We should not have liked to miss making the acquaintance of Rory's father, with his pale,

handsome face, and "as graceful a pair of legs as ever went to market in blue stockings." "He would have given away the cords of his heart to make strings for a blind man's fiddle," and he always came home drunk from market. "But when he was

MR. GEORGE BARTRAM.

drunk he was an angel." Then there was Shamus Finoucane, whose "tongue ran on wheels," always able and willing to respond to the invitation, "Come now, Jamesie Finoucane, tell us the biggest lie in Oireland." And there were the O'Beirnes and many others, with the faults and the fascination of their race.

We have said nothing of the political purpose of the book. The author himself does not obtrude it. If there be any political value in it, it lies, as its literary excellence does, in the admirable picture it gives of Irish life and character. There are, as we have hinted, one or two passages where we think the author might have spared our feelings a little, but these are very few, and those who are interested in Ireland will forgive them for the sake of the rest. As for the people (if there are any) who are not interested in Ireland, well, they will probably find the book intolerable, and not read it at all. And the loss will be theirs.

THE INDISCRETIONS OF LADY ASENATH. By Basil Thomson. 6s. (Innes.)

Be the favourite heroines of modern fiction who they may, the Lady Asenath has her seat amongst them, and it can be no lowly one. They will look askance at first, of course, for she has a brown skin, and judged by years, her youth is past. They are not all famous for decorum; so they cannot all object to her lapses from demureness, and such as do, if they be young, must give way before her generous delight in themselves. "From heathen girlhood to Christian middle-age her creed had been the same—to make life pleasant to the young, although in that far-off girlhood she had interpreted it as a personal call to arms; while, since youth was past, her mission had been purged of all selfishness, and she had been content to direct the campaign against Calvinism with a marshal's baton." The Lady Asenath was a Fijian; but she was a sister to all the gay-hearted in every country. No backward heathen either. She was a distinguished wit and a humorist of genius. Her education had been cosmopolitan. She had friends in every grade of society in Fiji and Tonga, and was the delight of such lucky members of the British Navy as found themselves in southern waters. "See that no one stamps on my grave," she said at her passing. "Leave the earth loose." They have left it loose, and surely her free spirit rises and walks lightly and whispers of cheerful things still. In Mr. Thomson's book she is a centre round which play most varied scenes of comedy. There are two chapters descriptive, the one of a football, the other of a cricket match in the South Seas, which for verve and fun it would be impossible to surpass. Here and there there are hints of more serious things; but we will not wrong Mr. Thomson's chances of a wide circulation by insisting on these. Anyone can be serious.

ORDEAL BY COMPASSION. By Vincent Brown. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

Into the rough-and-tumble world of fiction a book such as this comes like a refined and sensitive and all but companionless stranger. Probably it will be hustled out of the sight of most by other louder-mannered tales. It could not make a swift way to distinction. The author of "My Brother" and of "Ordeal by Compassion" will have to wait for a gentler mood of the world to gain many listeners. But the few who have had the chance of coming under the spell of his soft and steadfast voice will, in the meantime, be waiting with confidence in the strengthening of his powers. The theme is the salvation of a man, who in youth has lived ill and committed a crime, by some secret strength and sweetness within him meeting brotherly compassion in a cruel world outside. Legal justice never overtakes him; but his expiation is hard. If compassion does not weaken, then there is nothing like it, according to Mr. Brown, for making sinners into heroes. The temper of the book is Christian without compromise—and in this rare morality lies all its claim to be original. The story is put into the mouth of a bookish old man of humble degree; and his sincere and gentle quietism leads the reader to a mood which few novels can compel.

MRS. DE LA RUE SMYTHE. By Riccardo Stephens. Illustrated. 6s. (Bliss, Sands.)

Mrs. De La Rue Smythe is a great creation. Was her tame cat, her much-abused cat, Dr. Tregenna, a terrible traitor? Let us say, for the ease of our conscience, since we have revelled in his revelations, that he took his prolonged course of snubs with the patience which the pursuit of science demands. Far be it from us to attempt to describe or to paraphrase the words of the lady, and to quote from her worthily we have no space. We have all met her, and admired or feared her, according to our guilelessness, and also our social station. Thackeray painted her with brutal strength, and scolded her till sympathy for her grew venturesome. Mr. Stephens regards her with a

MR. RICCARDO STEPHENS.

semblance of tolerance and well-feigned deference, that disarms her supicions and makes her unbosom herself in a far more perilous way. It is impossible to say on what subject Mrs. De La Rue Smythe is most impressive. Every subject leads her

back to duty. "To thine own self be true, and it will follow ——." She feels the solemnity of the command, and, for the sake of others, she fulfils the utmost duty to herself, and sees that her neighbours are not remiss therein. Mr. Stephens has the lightest hand for society satire of any writer of the day. His latest book is a great success, and we hope many such will come forth from his lively brain.

VAUSSORE. A Son of Rousseau. His Journal. Edited by Francis Brune. 6s. (Methuen.)

"Vaussore" is an uncommonly clever *tour de force*. Like all such things, it will not make a very wide appeal. But it must certainly receive close and admiring examination from such as are attracted by Mr. Brune's experiment. It purports to be the recollections of Vaussore, a son of Rousseau, from his infant days in the orphanage. Some time after his sojourn there he was sent to England, brought up by a Mr. Mercer, descendant of French Huguenots, in Canterbury, and educated at the King's School and in Germany. Later he earned his living as master in Alleyne's School at Dulwich and in London, till, reverting, for his support, to the handicraft he had learned, in accordance with his unknown father's public teaching, he settled as a watchmaker in Derby, under the name of Burton. He never learnt who were his parents, though he had strong yearnings of curiosity on the point. His adventures through life were mainly of the heart, and his career was what might have been expected of a son of Rousseau, modified in early years by a careful, sheltered English education, and afterwards, too, by an English atmosphere. But it was the late eighteenth century atmosphere, and change was in the wind, and foreign ideas were rife. Mr. Brune has performed his task very artistically. He has kept his hero in more private paths than Rousseau trod; he has given him more restraint and decorum. But he must have saturated himself with the "Confessions." He has reproduced the precocity, the need for women's protection and influence, the frank, proud, and astonishing complacency towards all his actions good and bad, the caprice, the affectionateness, the intense love for Nature, and without much direct imitation, not a little of the spirit and the form which we call Rousseau's or Bernardin de Saint Pierre's. The book is a study of a period that is past, of natures such as are not bred to-day. It has therefore nothing of entertainment to offer the mere story-reader. One must be in the humour of the student to get out of it its best. Yet within the unfamiliar form, and at the back of the old-fashioned, pompous diction, a human heart beats strongly. We learn from Mr. Brune's preface that George Sand had an idea of making a novel out of this motive. It would have been warmer. Her Vaussore would have been more of a hero. But an English son of Rousseau is more curious.

THE UNKNOWN SEA. By Clemence Housman. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

Miss Housman's book hovers uncomfortably between the worlds of prose and poetry. It submits to the laws of neither, and therefore misses the reward which we feel ought to fall to a writer of evident talent and much sensibility. This semi-allegorical writing is perhaps the hardest of any to gain distinction in. Yet it is the happy hunting-ground of the amateur. Miss Housman is no amateur; but her book is a failure in the usual way: she depends on the spiritual meaning more than on producing a vivid impression by the outside form. Not that she has taken no pains with the form. To the design of the garments she has devoted trouble and artistic skill. But the humanity inside the garments, the men and women that shadow forth the spiritual meaning, are dead things. Not so did De la Motte Fouqué tell his tales. Her theme is not unlike that of "Undine." But her models are perhaps rather the prose romances of William Morris.

THE LAKE OF WINE. By Bernard Capes. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This is a prince among jewel mysteries—a sorry class of books, taken as a whole, and framed only for the brief need and the divided attention of a railway journey. But "The Lake of Wine" is in the running with the best—that is "The Moonstone"—in plot, though it does not win the race; and in all other ways, in character-drawing, in wit, in style, it has no rival among them at all. Candidly, we think a good deal of Mr. Capes's excellent work is wasted on the subject—a good subject, a fantastic, ingenious subject, we own, but one whose merits would have shone out the clearer for a little more simplicity of treatment. That is, if we look upon the mystery as the *raison d'etre* of the book. But we are free to look upon it as a mere means used by circumstance to rouse the attractive rake of a hero out of his unwholesome life, and set him afresh on a stirring and a hopeful road. The heir of Linne is so fine a compound of daredevil, wit, rake, and good fellow, that he is worth, and he demands, such elaboration from whosoever would tell his story. He is the kind of man to attract queer characters and bad characters and high characters about him, even though he had never been the unwitting custodian of the "Lake of Wine." Hence the personnel of the story so delightfully free from tameness. The only failures are the women. Angela is an unrealisable mass of unfamiliar affectations. Darda and Bet are too articulate, the one for her intellect, the other for her station. Mr. Capes has aimed at making his

From Photo by] [*Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street.*

MR. BERNARD CAPES.

story literature, and he has not failed. There is witty and there is beautiful writing in it, and there is a general sense of power. We by no means admire all of it, and the occasionally precious manner is irritating. Mr. Capes should forget Mr. Meredith as soon as possible, and he can safely do so, for he has stuff in him to make him independent of any model.

THE MILLIONAIRES. By Frank Frankfort Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

There were a good many millionaires lounging about the English resort of the Riviera where the scenes of the story are laid. Mr. Moore has no doubt obligingly written his novel to show there is nothing to be afraid of in the strange creatures, who much resemble the rest of the world, save in their good luck. It is a much more aimless story than we are accustomed to from this lively writer, a good deal less cynical, perhaps a little more conventional, but just as energetically vulgar as ever. "The Jessamy Bride" is a thing apart in Mr. Moore's record. There he may not have been working his own vein; but he had a very fair success in working some one else's better one. In "The Millionaires," though the material is indifferent, he is his own unrestrained, vivacious self, with a sneer ready for all opinions that are not those of his set, and abundant sentimental sympathy for the troubles, especially the heart troubles, of those comfortable people with no opinions at all.

A BACHELOR GIRL IN LONDON. By C. E. Mitton. 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

It is quite evident that this writer knows, either from practical experience or very close observation, the subject she has chosen to write about. Her details as to methods of living, expenses,

and so forth, and her account of her heroine's impressions of London girl-bachelordom, with its utter loneliness, are entirely accurate and convincing. Her descriptions of London business men and methods and London literary folk are, however, by no means so true to nature and experience. As for the sudden and charming friendships, the unparalleled benevolence of cab-drivers and busmen (kindly-disposed as they certainly are as a class), and the brilliant marriage after a few months' drudgery as a typist—well, of all these we can only say that they go to make up a very pleasant story. Everybody ought to enjoy the book simply as a good novel, but "bachelor girls" will find it worth taking seriously. It will prove genuinely helpful in a life which at its best and brightest is a difficult one.

WOMAN AND THE SHADOW. By Arabella Kenealy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

There is always vivacity in Miss Kenealy's work, always abundant good humour and healthy sentiment. But in some earlier stories she has shown a robuster knowledge of human nature. Here she strikes us as having gone back in the more important qualities essential to good fiction. The story is one that will make a wide appeal. We are not soon tired of hearing how a good man, who marries the wrong woman and finds out his mistake with bitterness, is permitted by fate to marry the right one, who was waiting for him humbly all the time. Miss Kenealy gives her new version with much amusing and exemplary circumstance and by the aid of a large group of entertaining puppets. But her two chief women are eminently unsatisfactory, Lady Alicia is a caricature of the gay, heartless worldling. Her letters, both as a schoolgirl and as a woman on the eve of eloping, are absurd. The wicked do not thus write themselves down villains in their own handwriting. If they are stupid, they cloak their coming treacheries in dull, moral, conventional phrases. If they are clever, they subtly convince their victims that they are the elect, and all the higher virtues will die with them. Alicia's rival is a wealthy parvenue. At the outset of her career her external vulgarity is grossly exaggerated, while in her transformation from the plebeian state into exceptional refinement we are given no impression of gradual development. There is ability in the story, but the work is rough and unfinished.

DEARER THAN HONOUR. By E. Livingston Prescott. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

In a line and half of preface Miss E. Livingston Prescott tells us that "the main circumstance of this story is an utterly

[Early Photograph. [From an

MISS LIVINGSTON PRESCOTT.

improbable fact." We read the book before we saw the preface, and we admit that we thought the circumstance improbable, though we were prepared to forgive that, considering what an excellent subject it makes in other respects. But since Miss Livingston Prescott assures us that it is a fact, we are only too glad to share her own just admiration for her hero, and to congratulate her on having lighted on a *motif* so full of possibilities for a skilful novelist. Ludovic Ord certainly showed a want of common-sense in his special method of self-sacrifice, but that is precisely what makes him a good hero of romance. His prototype in real life is not, we are glad to think, a unique specimen of modern manhood. There are many as capable of unselfish affection and noble self-sacrifice as he. But a cleverer man would set about it in a less Quixotic and more practical fashion, probably cause less pain to everybody concerned, and undoubtedly make a much less interesting story. To say that Miss Livingston Prescott makes the best possible use of her material would perhaps be to exaggerate, for the book is not without faults. It begins badly, for one thing, and the writer does not fairly settle down to her work till after the first thirty pages. But from that point onwards the book is full of varied interest. The descriptions of convict life are distinctly its best part. Ludovic Ord's experiences during his "nine months' solitary," during his "hard labour" at Dartmoor, and afterwards as a social pariah whom nobody will acknowledge or trust, are by no means over-coloured. We recognise that they are absolutely true and we accept them as a valuable addition to our convict fiction.

THE KLOOF BRIDE. By Ernest Glanville. 6s. (Methuen.)

"Let him die like a dog," thundered the regiments of the Amatabele. "He will be bound to the stake in the vlei. There are crocodiles there. He will die the death many times over before they eat him." This is a very fair sample of the kind of thing to be found in "The Kloof Bride." Every chapter has its own hairbreadth escape, and we should be very sorry to have to number the times that Miles Venning was in deadly peril of his life. It is altogether a breathless book, and the reader dashes through it at a gallop, for the interest never flags for a line. Mr. Glanville has written one of the best adventure stories that the season has produced. We have not read a more exciting book for a very long time.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

CHAMBERS' ENGLISH DICTIONARY. 12s. 6d. (W. and R. Chambers.)

This new dictionary is so well arranged, so convenient, and so—we use the word advisedly—*interesting* that it is quite a pleasure to consult it. We have scarcely passed a day without referring to it since it came within our reach, and that not because of any special effort to extend our vocabulary or because we had no dictionary before, but simply because we are sure of finding what we want and of finding it easily. The editor's name is a sufficient guarantee of the scholarly accuracy of the work, for Dr. Davidson is a very mine of philological and other learning, and has had ample experience of editorial work in his labours for the Encyclopædia. There is a racy touch in his prefatory remarks and explanations which suggests the humorist and is distinctly refreshing in a book of the kind. The most novel feature is the inclusion of phrases in common use, such as "to knock into a cocked hat," "Mrs. Leo Hunter," and so on, while the list of words is extended, with a praiseworthy catholicity, to include many slang and technical terms, Scotticisms, and so on, in current use in our vocabulary, but hitherto disregarded by compilers of dictionaries. In short the work is all that it claims to be—and that is saying a good deal. The pronunciations and etymologies are satisfactory. It is "copious and exact, easy of reference, and moderate in price."

PHILOLOGY OF THE GOSPELS. By Friedrich Blass, Dr. Phil., etc., etc., Professor of Classical Philology in the University of Halle-Wittenberg. 4s. 6d. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

No problem has more seriously exercised critics of the New Testament Text in recent years than that which springs out of the surprising variants found in the great MS. which lies in the library of Cambridge by the gift of Beza. Two centuries ago these various readings suggested to the scholar Le Clerc that Luke may have issued two editions of his Acts. This is the theory which in our own day is identified with the name of the distinguished scholar who pays our insular intelligence the compliment of issuing this defence and expansion of his ideas in the English language. And in brighter, livelier English so technical a subject was never presented. At the touch of this brilliant scholar technicalities become alive with meaning, and details which in other hands would be dry and dead rivet the

attention and stimulate enquiry. In this respect the book is a masterpiece. Professor Blass' main contention that Luke issued a second edition of both his works is, to put it mildly, not yet accepted. But the present book is valuable, not merely as a vigorous plea in its favour, but as giving an excellent survey of the textual condition of the Gospels, in which much that is new is suggested, and also as a brilliant introduction to the study of the third Gospel. It is sure to find a cordial welcome in this country.

THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT: Literary Passages from the Bible rewritten, idea for idea, in Modern Style. Book I.: Job, Joel, and two Psalms. Book II.: Isaiah. Two Volumes. 4s. 6d. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Limited.)

Among the many attempts which at present are being made to bring the Bible into line with ordinary literature the present anonymous edition is not the least remarkable. The principles which have guided the translator are, to use pure English idioms, to "keep the picture," or, if the text is corrupt, to divine the picture, to translate the names which occur, to preserve appropriate expression, style, and rhythm. These principles cannot but be approved, except that which demands translation of names. No writing ancient or modern could stand the rendering of proper names by their etymological meaning, and in the Bible the effect is grotesque, and goes far to mar what would otherwise be a spirited and readable version.

FOUR LECTURES ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE GOSPELS. Delivered at Milborne Port, Somerset, Advent, 1897, by the Rev. J. H. Wilkinson, M.A., Sometime Lecturer at Queen's College, Oxford. 3s. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

In these lectures Mr. Wilkinson furnishes all interested in the origin and early history of our Gospels with an eminently useful manual. The perplexing literary problems connected with their birth and growth may, he thinks, be somewhat helped towards solution by piecing together their history in various parts of the world during the first two centuries. Availing himself of recent discoveries and of the researches of Zahn, Harnack, and other scholars, he presents in a compact form the results of investigation into the fate of the Gospels in Palestine, Egypt, Rome, and Syria. For Palestine the witnesses called are Papias, the Ebionite Gospel, and the Gospel according to the Hebrews; for Egypt the Gospel according to Peter, the Gospel according to the Egyptians, the Fayum Fragment, and the Logia of Behnesa; for Rome the Muratorian Canon, the orthodox and heretical writers of the second century, and the Monarchian Prologues; for Syria Tatian's Diatessaron and the Syriac Versions. A large amount of information is thus brought together in a convenient form, and much critical ingenuity is exercised upon it. For facts Mr. Wilkinson may be relied upon; for results, inferences, and theories he is not so safe a guide. The date of our Gospels is unnecessarily brought down to the second century. On p. 16 there is a misprint in the Greek, and it was not Canon Gore, but Dr. Salmon, who remarked that ecclesiastical history "goes through a tunnel" shortly after the Apostolic age.

A STUDY OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE NEWER LIGHT, or A Present-day Study of Jesus Christ. By Alexander Robinson, B.D. Second edition, revised form. 7s. 6d. (Williams and Norgate.)

In its original form this "Study" was in 1896 condemned and ordered to be withdrawn by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. In the following year its author, on refusing to repudiate its teaching, was cut off from the ministry of the Church. He now reissues his book in a somewhat altered form, both that a wider public may understand the grounds of his deprivation, and also that it may serve the purpose for which he at first intended it, of enlightening enquiring minds. The alterations which Mr. Robinson has made do not enter materially into the substance of the book, but remove some unfortunate expressions, and explain his position. Even in its present form it cannot be said to be an important addition to the literature of the Life of Christ, although here and there the writer shows insight and aptitude for this kind of research.

THOMAS CRANMER. By Arthur James Mason, D.D. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Canon Mason, by his well-written volume, justifies Mr. Beeching's inclusion of Cranmer among his "Leaders of Religion," and his choice of a biographer. It is not, indeed, as a determining factor in the religion of England that Cranmer is popularly considered. What draws the attention and sympathy of his countrymen is rather his tragic fate, and the strange, almost unaccountable vacillation of recanting and retracting recantation which preceded it. Of his last days Canon Mason gives a full and charitable account, and helps us somewhat better to understand the situation; but it is chiefly to his influence in the two preceding reigns that he draws attention. To perceive how the moulding hand of Cranmer still makes itself felt, one need only consider the part he took in the formation of the Book of Common Prayer. "The history of the Prayer Book down to the end of Edward's reign is the biography of Cranmer, for there can be no doubt that almost every line of it is his composition." But Canon Mason also makes it his aim to show how the Archbishop's broad and placid nature enabled him to steer clear of the extremes of Romanism and a too strenuous Protestantism, and so to mark the fair way between them as the permanent direction for the Church of England. The subject is interesting, personally, politically, and ecclesiastically, and Canon Mason has treated it with sympathy and ability.

THE SPRING OF THE DAY. By Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., etc. 5s. (Isbister and Co.)

Under this title Dr. Macmillan gives us another volume of sermons to children, in which he makes excellent use of his knowledge of nature. Always level to the comprehension of almost the youngest children, they are characterised by pellucid clearness of thought and uuusual beauty of expression. The titles disclose the character of the sermons: "The Oxlip, or the Upward Look," "Making a Whistle," "A Green Rose," "The Nest of the Moth," and so on. The most striking is on "The Outer Darkness," in which simple revelations of astronomical observation are very powerfully used. Both for old and young the volume is excellent reading, and the publishers have shown their appreciation of it by issuing it in a most attractive form.

SONGS AND ELEGIES. By Manmohun Ghose. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

A peculiar interest attaches to this little collection of verses. They are an experiment of a kind rarely successful. We wonder if Mr. Ghose has become so Anglicised that it is more natural for him to express his poetic emotions in our tongue than in Bengali. English verse has been his model; and much of the sentiment and the imagery might have occurred to a poet of our race. This assimilation of our modes of thought and feeling is ethnologically interesting, poetically it is disappointing. But something remains, alien, novel to us, exotic. Perhaps Mr. Ghose tried to suppress it. But to it belongs whatever attraction and value the book possesses. We will not insist that all the new tones are Indian; but their fervour is fresh and genuine, and not in debt to us.

"Street, all thronged with eyes, ah! look not so at Myvanwy
Life, that streamest on so various and bright,
Cease, for thou wooest, but canst not win her sight!
World, she must not be thine, forget thy envy!"

All the love-songs are like this one, naïf, tender, and never once give rise to a doubt concerning their sincerity.

JOHN AND SEBASTIAN CABOT. By C. Raymond Beazley. Builders of Greater Britain. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)

The late commemoration of the momentous Cabot voyages has done much to right an old wrong. The title of the present work points to the rectification. We used to hear much of Sebastian, the son, and little of John, the father. The pendulum has swung round, and the tendency of modern investigators is to take away all the credit from the son, and to call him a mean, dishonest braggart and pretender. Mr. Beazley holds the balance fairly, and insists on our receiving whatever evidence there is of Sebastian's materially helping in the discovery of the New World. "It is difficult," he says, "to believe that he could have enjoyed—to so remarkable a degree as he did—the confidence of Henry VIII., of Cardinal Wolsey, of Ferdinand the Catholic, of Charles V., of Edward VI. and his chief advisers, of the Republic of Venice—if he was simply the clever, but absolutely empty humbug he has been represented." But that he was unfilial, a double-dealer, and on occasions purposely inaccurate, there is no doubt at all. Mr. Beazley's book, however, is not mainly taken up with this controversy. It is the completest, the most scientific account of the joint work of the Cabots and of their predecessors that has yet appeared. It strikes us as the ablest work in this useful series; and it is absolutely indispensable to all students of historical geography.

HANNIBAL. A Drama. By Louisa Shore. 5s. net. (Grant Richards.)

Miss Shore's drama was first published some seven-and-thirty years ago, and then it had been sixteen years in the making. It was the outcome of a serious interest in classical history, of hero worship, and of unusual poetic sensibility. These are not enough to make a living drama, but they are enough to raise the piece far out of the level of the commonplace, and amply to justify its republication. We have too few serious efforts of the kind to be thankless for anything so dignified, so able. "Hannibal" is a noble experiment. There are passages of excellent verse, as this—

"*Han.* Hark! 'tis the murmur of the Aufidus.
Sil. Still heard across the murmur of the camp;
A music echoing from the Apennines,
Which lonely Vultur lifts his fierce old head
To listen for, as it goes clamouring by—
Much softened from its angry winter-roar,
But yet unsilenced by the summer sun.
Thou'lt be far hence e'er then, we'll humbly trust;
Ere these wide pastures wear the tawny tint
Of Cannae's burning August, and yon stream
Shall lazily unwind along the plain
A tiny silver thread, may we not hope,
With a new Cannae thou'lt be busy elsewhere?"

Perhaps the lyrical Priestess's Vision is the highest point, and everywhere the descriptive and the sentimental passages not immediately bearing on the action of the drama are the best. But the personages are not puppets, shades, perhaps, but shades of real men, finely conceived if not substantially incorporate.

RIZZIO. An Historical Tragedy. By David Graham. 5s. net. (A. Constable.)

Mr. Graham has written his tragedy in blank verse, which has not hindered him from writing it also in unmistakeable prose. They are a dull company—the Darnleys, the Lethingtons, the Knoxs, the Huntleys; but the dullest and the dowdiest of all is the Queen of Scots, whose beauty and wit poets and tradition have conspired to make even sober folk lose their heads about. There is more exhilaration to be got out of a manual of metallurgy than from Mr. Graham's tragedy, and if it represented the atmosphere of Scotland in that restless period, and the state of mind to which the Queen was reduced, her hatred of the country is amply justified. Besides, Darnley must have mortally offended her ears by his French. "Wherefore this outrage?" she asks. "*Ce n'est pas rien*," answers her fool of a husband. Mr. Graham keeps all his stock of emotion till the end. Here is the concentrated excitement of the whole.

"*Queen* (*wildly*). Spare him! Spare him!—Devils! Devils! (*In the struggle the table is upset and the lights extinguished, except a candle, which is caught by the Countess of Argyle as it is falling. Rizzio is dragged away, whilst Darnley forces the Queen into a chair and holds her there.*)
Rizzio (*faintly*). Sauve ma vie! Sauve ma vie! Giustizia!
Queen (*still held firmly down by Darnley, and looking wildly on*). O God! O God! (*Falling into a swoon.*")

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN LIBRARY OF THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE. First six volumes. 1s. (Griffith, Farran, Browne, and Co.)

There is no doubt of the cheapness and excellence of this series. It is not so very long since many of the books included in this "library" were only to be had at considerable cost. Certainly it is wonderful to find a list of between forty and fifty valuable theological works offered for a shilling each, and especially in such a neat and convenient form and printed so clearly and readably as these. Two volumes are issued monthly, and, so far, we have got St. Augustine's Confessions, Andrew's Sermons on the Nativity, Law's Serious Call, Tertullian's Ecclesiastical History (considerably remodelled by the Bishop of Bristol), Edward Sixth's Prayer Book, and St. Anselm's *Cur Deus Homo*.

LEADERS IN LITERATURE. By P. Wilson, M.A. 3s. 6d. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.)

Exchanging impressions about books and writers is to most reading folk a pleasant pastime, whatever be the value of the impressions. We like to hear what other people think of our favourites, without feeling in the least bound to accept their opinions. We are especially glad to hear what Mr. Wilson has to say about them, because he has studied them to some purpose. A great deal of what is said is such as everybody must agree with, but even that, if not specially valuable, is pleasant reading. And there are often things said that make us think, and occasionally demur, and for these we are grateful. Mr. Wilson's book will find, as it deserves, many readers, and those who take their opinions from it will not be led far wrong. If the studies are not exhaustive—and they do not profess to be so—they form a good introduction to the authors whom they discuss.

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[*See p.* 81.]
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